THE CHICAGO LEDGER

VOL. XXVII. NO. 16. CHICAGO, ILL., SATURDAY, APRIL 15, 1899. Single Copies 5 Cents.

A WORKING GIRL'S VICTORY.

The Tragic Story of Cuthbert Reynold's Sweetheart---In the Toils of Evil Men---What Love Will Dare and Do.

By EDNA I. TYLER.

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CHAPTER I.

HIS FIRST LOVE.

"Well, Cuthbert, if you have seen enough of the sights of New York for one day, we'll return. Aunty will be waiting for us, and no doubt dinner will be on the table. As for me, I'm pretty well fagged out, and—"

Godfrey Goulding's remarks were cut short by a series of screams, as a beautiful young girl rushed through the door and ran down the steps of one of the tenement houses on —th street, closely followed by a short, burly man, who was evidently under the influence of liquor.

Brandishing a broken broom-handle, he pursued her, giving vent to his rage in a torrent of fierce oaths.

"If once I lay my hands on you, I'll break every bone in your body!" he shouted angrily.

Panting and almost sobbing with terror, the young girl fled like a frightened deer; but, alas! the feet of the wrathful wretch were fleeter than her own, and, with a fiendish chuckle, he laid his hand upon her shoulder, wheeling her around so suddenly that she lost her footing and fell upon the pavement, trembling and almost fainting.

With a hand of iron he grasped her arm.

"Get up there, you impudent beggar!" he roared, as he raised the stick; "I'll teach you to snub me! You're insulted, are you? The attentions of your boss aint good enough for a beggarly shop-girl, eh? You'll run away from me again, perhaps!" and the stick fell heavily across the shoulders of the trembling girl, who uttered a piercing shriek.

"Look out there, you brute! What are you doing?" and a strong young hand clenched the stick from his grasp, while a heavy blow sent him reeling.

"How dare you strike a woman!"

With a fierce imprecation, Dick Mellor drew back and clenched his brawny fist, but something in the resolute, handsome face which confronted him so dauntlessly made him pause.

"Who the devil are you?" he demanded, insolently; "and what business is it of yours who I strike?"

"No matter who I am," returned the young stranger, "but if you lay hands on that lady again, I won't answer for your head for five seconds later, you coward!" and the magnificent black eyes flashed with indignation.

"No matter who he is, Dick Mellor," interrupted Godfrey Goulding, as he stepped forward and faced the villain. "No matter who he is," he repeated, "perhaps, however, you'll remember me!" and with a sharply, gloved hand, Mr. Goulding removed his hat, and, parting his gray hair, disclosed a long, jagged scar.

With a cry of consternation, Dick Mellor sprang backward, raising his hand as if to ward off a blow, his red face paling to a livid hue.

"Holy heavens!" he ejaculated, his voice almost stifled with fear, "Godfrey Goulding!"

Without uttering another word, Mellor turned and fled, terror lending wings to his flight, and in an incredibly short space of time, he had reached the corner of the next street and disappeared.

As the squat form passed out of sight, Cuthbert stepped forward to assist the young girl, who sat upon the sidewalk, holding her hand to her side, her face wet with tears, and pallid with fright.

Resting her hand upon the ground, she tried to rise, but immediately sank back with a groan.

"Are you hurt?" inquired Cuthbert Reynolds, anxiously, as he leaned over her.

"I fear he has broken my arm," replied Marcella Keith, in a low, sweet voice, which trembled despite the effort she evidently made to control it. "And my side pains me badly, where he struck me."

Gently Cuthbert raised the beautiful young creature, and placed her upon her feet.

"Can I assist you into your home?" he asked, glancing toward the house from which she had so hastily emerged.

"Oh, no, sir; I fear I shall have to go to the hospital. I have no home. I have been boarding with Mr. Mellor's family, but I cannot go back there," adding, "I worked in the shop under him."

"I thought he was your father," said Cuthbert, in surprise, but an expression of relief crossed his noble face as he thought, with an unaccountable satisfaction, that this exquisite girl was not an offspring of so coarse a man.

"But how came he to be pursuing you?" interrogated Mr. Goulding.

Marcella's flower-like face flushed, as she faltered. "He has been drinking, and he presumed upon the fact of my being a working girl, and insulted me. I told him I should leave his house at once; that I couldn't remain any longer. He flew into a violent passion, and, snatching up the broom, he rushed forward and struck me across the arm and back with such force as to break the stick. I ran out of the house, and he followed—you know the rest."

Godfrey Goulding's pitying glance grew stern as she related her story, but his eyes softened as he gazed down into the little tear-stained face when she said, "I have no home."

He took her slender, white hand in his own.

"Poor child," he said. "You shall come home with me. Mrs. Goulding will be glad to receive you, and when you are well, we'll see what we can do toward providing you with a more congenial position than that of a shop-girl, for I am sure that is not your proper sphere. And you, Cuthbert," turning to the young man, "get a carriage at once. We'll drive around to Dr. Sampson's and see to this little girl's arm."

"Say," he roared, dashing his huge fist down upon the table, "did you hear me talking to you?"

The young man hurried away, soon returning in a hack. Springing lightly to the ground, he assisted Marcella into the vehicle, Mr. Goulding and his nephew taking seats opposite her.

During the short drive to the physician's office, the gentlemen learned her story.

Born in St. Louis, of wealthy parents, her early years had been passed amid refinement and luxury. Her father, having entered upon the sea of speculation, lost his property, and in a fit of despondency had (it was supposed) taken his own life. He had been found dead in a grove near his home, a pistol ball through his left temple, the weapon lying on the ground beside his body.

Three years previous to the opening of our story, her mother had removed to Brooklyn, where, heart-broken and despairing, she soon died, and Marcella was thrown upon her own resources, with not a friend in the world; heartsick she had come to New York in search of work, and, at last, had succeeded in obtaining a position in the bindery where Dick Mellor was foreman.

Having no friends, the lonely girl was glad to get board in the family, and Dick Mellor had taken her home. His wife was an invalid; so when the strike came, and Marcella was thrown out of work for several weeks, she had been glad to accept his offer to remain at his house, assisting with the housework, pending the settlement of the strike.

"Assisting with the housework" had developed into the post of household drudge, for his invalid wife and ill-tempered children had combined in making her life almost unbearable; at last, Mr. Mellor had rendered himself obnoxious with his insulting attentions, and the climax had been reached. That was all she had to tell.

Mr. Goulding's kind heart was stirred to its depths, and he resolved that, if possible, the life of this beautiful, helpless young orphan should be made brighter.

Cuthbert took no part in the conversation, but his eloquent black eyes spoke volumes of sympathy and indignation.

As Mr. Goulding assisted her to alight at the doctor's office, Cuthbert could not help noting the exceeding loveliness of the young stranger, whose innocent glance made his heart flutter with a feeling of ecstacy hitherto unknown and not now understood by him.

[illegible] slight and [illegible] she possessed a gentle demeanor and womanly dignity seldom seen in one so young. And such eyes! As sweet and blue as the spring violet, they were the most expressive Cuthbert had ever seen. A complexion clear as ivory, with the faint tint of the wild rose upon the soft cheeks so lately bedewed with tears; the tender lips, still quivering and tremulous, were as exquisitely formed as Cupid's bow, with the ripe coloring of the heart of the moss-rose; the hair of a wondrous, golden hue, hung in disordered ringlets about the shapely shoulders, while the little aristocratic hand and arched instep might have been envied by a duchess. She was as beautiful as a poet's dream. And what a magnificent carriage.

As Marcella had feared, the arm was broken. With gentle hands, Dr. Sampson applied splints and bandages, and, re-entering the hack, Mr. Goulding gave the order, "24 Blank street."

Half an hour later, Marcella was introduced to Mrs. Goulding, a gray-haired, motherly old lady, who, when briefly informed of the circumstances, bade the young

stranger a hearty welcome.

Dinner having been served, Mrs. Goulding showed her guest to her room, made her as comfortable as possible, kissed the sad face, and wished her good night, returning to the sitting room where her husband and nephew awaited her.

"It's a most singular likeness," Mr. Goulding was saying as she re-entered. "The resemblance goes much of my lost brother; but her story does not correspond with anything that would tend to prove any theory of relationship." And Mr. Goulding gulfed his long, gray mustache reflectively.

"Some forty years ago," he continued, "my brother Harold left home in a fit of boyish temper, and went to sea. We never saw him afterwards, though we heard that he had married a beautiful woman, and was the father of a child—but whether boy or girl, we never knew. Of course, it is only a chance resemblance; but be that as it may, I am most strongly drawn towards the forlorn child."

"And I, too, Godfrey," replied Mrs. Goulding, warmly. "We must do what we can for her."

Cuthbert Reynolds was the son of a wealthy Pennsylvania farmer, a friend of Mrs. Goulding. Having completed the study of law, her nephew had now an opportunity of entering the law firm of Goulding & Black, as junior partner, and this was his first step in the great metropolis.

With black, curling locks, melting black eyes, a Grecian profile and small, black mustache, which shaded a tender, smiling mouth, our hero was a handsome, gay young fellow of twenty-four, who had, all unconsciously, made the hearts of many of the country maidens flutter faster and their cheeks mantle with blushes.

But no thought of love had ever crossed his mind. An ardent student, he had no eyes for anything except his books. In a certain way, this friendless girl had excited his deepest sympathy, and had awakened an interest which he could not analyze; and long after his curly head had pressed the downy pillow, did he lie awake, his thoughts haunted by the face of the beautiful stranger, whose wistful blue eyes had made an impression upon his fresh young heart which was never to be effaced, and he made up his mind that come what might, he would be her friend.

Thus cogitating, his eyes closed, and he fell asleep at early dawn, only to be haunted by tangles of bright hair and sweet rosebud lips.

It was late when he awoke. The warm beams of the morning sun came through his open window and lay in a square patch upon the handsome tapestry carpet, while the songs of the canary on the piazza came in soft trills, and the sweet breath of the flowers added to the glory of a luxurious summer day.

As he leisurely made his toilet, his mind reverted to the incident of the preceding day, and his heart beat with a new, strange rapture, when, at home again, he held the tiny hand of the lovely maiden for an instant in his own, as he handed her she had rested.

Her soft, fair cheeks flushed slightly beneath his admiring, boyish gaze of admiration; but her look of fervent gratitude never wavered as she replied:

"Very much better than I expected, sir, though I must confess some with my own and side. But I want to thank you—and you," turning impulsively toward Mr. Goulding, "for your exceeding kindness to a poor, friendless girl," and the sweet lips trembled and the bright blue eyes grew moist with grateful emotion.

Robed in a pretty chaille gown which had belonged to a younger sister of Mrs. Goulding, and with her hair in a simple knot, Marcella Keith's childlike helplessness appealed to the warm sympathies of each of the young man, who earnestly assured her that it was a pleasure to assist her, and though he regretted so much that she had been forced through such a trying ordeal.

Breakfast over, Godfrey and Cuthbert excused themselves and went down town.

"What a lovely face and sweet manner she has," said Cuthbert, as they turned the corner of Broadway.

"Eh—who?" said Mr. Goulding, as he recalled his head, evidently aroused from an absorbing reverie. He glanced at his young nephew's face, and noted with what eagerness he was awaiting the answer, and attracted his nephew's attention.

"Why, Miss Keith," replied Cuthbert, blushing, and trying to look unconcerned.

His uncle glanced keenly at him, a look of quizzical amusement lighting up his usually grave face.

"Ah, ha! My boy is in love, is he?" he inquired, smilingly.

"No—not in love—of course not," but Cuthbert's handsome eyes belied his words, as he thought he detected an impress itself upon him that, for the first time in his life, he was in love with a young stranger about whom he knew nothing save what she had told him during that brief ride to the doctor's office.

"Absurd! Impossible!" he thought, "and yet——"

His cogitations were broken in upon by Mr. Goulding, who suddenly grasped his nephew's arm.

"My God! Cuthbert! Look there! She will be killed!" exclaimed Mr. Goulding, excitedly. "A runaway!"

The sound of thundering hoofs, the whirr of wheels came distinctly to their ears, as a large bay horse tore madly around the corner and dashed towards them, the carriage in its occupant enveloped in a cloud of dust.

They caught a glimpse of a terrified, darkly beautiful face, as the carriage approached at a fearful speed.

With a bound, Cuthbert reached the middle of the street, and springing out with the agility of an acrobat, he alighted the back of the carriage and gained a footing on the rear axle.

Reaching forward, amid the awful lurching of the vehicle he essayed to lower the carriage top. Finding this an impossibility, he worked his way with an almost superhuman effort, around the side between the wheels, and fell, rather than clambered, into the front of the vehicle.

On dashed the maddened steed, the reins dangling at his side. Hastily regaining his balance, our hero placed one foot on the dashboard, and with a silent "God help me," sprang forward upon the back of the infuriated beast.

A shout went up from the lookers-on as he leaned over and grasped the reins, and pulled sharply upon the bit. But all in vain.

The bit was held closely between strong teeth, and with head down the vicious brute kept on his way. On, on!

Suddenly there came a cry of horror.

"Oh, heavens! He's headed for the dock! They will go over!"

CHAPTER II.

PLOTTING.

In one of the low, squalid quarters of New York city, in an old tumble-down tenement house, a plot was being laid which was to darken the next year of Marcella Keith's life and bring sorrow into the home of Godfrey Goulding.

Seated at one side of the room was an evil-looking man, his sullen, gray eyes fixed in a steadier gaze upon the face of his sister, a tall, thin woman, who was busily engaged in brushing away the crumbs from the dinner table from which they had just arisen.

"I tell you, Roxie, the thing's got to be done, and you've got to help me." Dick Mellor ran his fingers through the shock of half-gray, half-red hair which covered his massive head.

"But Dick," remonstrated Roxie, pausing in her work, "I don't see what good it can do you to ruin her; you can't get her money—to do that you'd have to marry her—and that, of course, you can't do, because, unfortunately for your plans, you're already married."

She gave the table cloth a final shake, adding, with a half-suppressed sigh at his coarse, red face, "and if you wasn't, she would not marry you, anyway."

"Is that so?" drawled Mellor, sarcastically, "and why not, may I ask? Ain't I handsome enough? And, besides, ain't I her boss? Ain't my position better'n hers, anyway? But," he sneered, straightening up and settling his vest, "that wouldn't make any difference—we could go through the form of a marriage, and she would never know the difference—ugh, Roxie, I might as well tell the truth to you, so long as you dassent betray me"—he lowered his voice, leaning towards her—"I'm not married!"

"You're not married?" repeated Roxie, incredulously; then a derisive smile crossed her sallow face, as she continued, "why, Dick Mellor, what do you take me for, anyway? I s'pose you can't tell me that Jamison made into a parson by anyone?"

The light of contempt dawned into Roxie's eyes.

"Tom Jamison!" she echoed, "what an idiot I must be that I didn't recognize him! And yet, I thought there was something familiar about that boy. Remember, Dick, that Jamison was sandy-complected and used to wear a beard, and that gave him a sort swarthy as an Indian and as smooth-faced as a boy."

"Any reason why he couldn't have shaved off his beard and darkened his face?" inquired Dick, sententiously, rising and lighting his pipe. "You see, Roxie," he continued, "when I was young and kittenish, I fell head and heels in love with a pretty girl named Jamison, and she was considerably mashed on me—I was a devilish fine looking fellow in those days, if I do say it myself—and I flatter myself I'm rather nice looking yet."

Dick stroked his long, heavy mustache, glancing concettedly into the cracked mirror adorning one end of the mantel, ere he resumed his seat.

"The result was that we eloped and her husband got a divorce. After a year or two our first baby was born, and then Martha got squeamish and insisted upon getting married. But, by that time, she had become 'only a faded flower,' and I wasn't much in love with her; but I did half so much as though I didn't care about hitching myself permanently to a sickly woman, I wanted to give my boy a name; so I married her—that is I got Tom Jamison to pretend to tie the knot—just to satisfy her. I knew he had stole $100 from his employer and had got to skip the country for his health, and a ten dollar note fixed him all right—by shaving his beard and staining his face he made a first rate parson—the 'Rev. Bridges.'"

Dick grinned as he noted the look of horror and indignation with which Roxie regarded her rascally brother.

"My God, Dick Mellor, you are a worse scamp than I ever thought you!" he exclaimed, indignantly. "Martha loved you and you ruined her life! But I won't help you try and ruin another girl, Marcella Keith, all others!" As she spoke a look of determination settled upon her face.

"Softly, pet, softly," replied Dick, in a tone of mock tenderness. "You're getting chicken-hearted, you'd make a good sick nurse. Let me see, didn't you nurse—" Dick paused. He remembered a wild whisper, the last few words being fairly breathed into her ear.

"Don't, Dick, don't! For God's sake, don't refer to that!—the tears rushed to her cheeks—I didn't mean to—it was an accident!"

"An accident! Ha, ha, ha!" He laughed sardonically. "That's good!" slapping his knee, excitedly. "Now, then, Roxie, mind," "I thought that'd bring you to your senses! Didn't I think I remembered a way to do it. Well, I just happen to! But to come down to business. Now, I've taken quite a fancy to the girl—especially to the money—I just happen to know where the money is, and,

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Run Down—"I was in civil war and the exposure brought me run down easily. Hood's Sarsaparilla hits my wants exactly, as it gives me a thrill of new life and builds me up." Joseph F. Thompson, Registrar of Deeds, Lowell, Mass.

Kidneys—"My kidneys troubled me and on advice took Hood's Sarsaparilla, which gave me prompt relief, better appetite. My wife is benefiting. It cured my wife also." Michael Boyle, 373 Denny-st., Pittsburg, Pa.

Running Sores—"We feared our little brother would be a cripple from a running sore on his foot. He grew worse under hospital treatment. We gave him Hood's Sarsaparilla and now he is entirely well." Miss Mary Mazzarie, Aurora, Ind.

Malaria—"Exposure in the civil war brought on malaria and its germs have hung around me, developing into sharp neuralgic pains. Hood's Sarsaparilla cured me promptly." Moses W. Emerson, Photographer, Lowell, Mass.

Ulcer—"A little sore on my ankle grew until as large as a saucer. Doctors said it was cancer and incurable. After two years experimenting I took Hood's Sarsaparilla and the sore completely healed." John S. Currier, West Lebanon, N. H.

Diphtheria—"My little nephew was troubled for two years with sore throat and tonsilitis. Was threatened with diphtheria, but Hood's Sarsaparilla warded it off. He is now entirely well." Miss Inez E. Cook, Mill-st., Waterbury, Conn.

Sick Headache—"I was weak, had no appetite, nervous and completely run down. Tried many remedies, but nothing helped me until I used Hood's Sarsaparilla which cured me." Mrs. Wm. Marks, 27 Henry-st., Binghamton, N. Y.

Catarrh—"I suffered over six years with catarrh. Spent over $100 in advertised cures, including etc., without benefit. Took Hood's Sarsaparilla and it accomplished a perfect cure." Mrs. M. A. Abbey, Victor-av., Worcester, Mass.

Sores—"Running scrofula sores made me shunned by neighbors. Medical treatment failed. A relative urged me to try Hood's Sarsaparilla. Did so and in few months the sores completely healed." Mrs. J. M. Hatch, Elma, N. H.

Bad Blood—"I could dance for joy for what Hood's Sarsaparilla did for me in curing those terrible burning sores on my leg. Doctors gave me up but Hood's cured me. My gratitude is unspeakable." Thomas Bennett, 175 Sycamore st., Roslindale, Mass.

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incidentally, I have run upon the girl, so I know where she is; and I intend to have both the girl and the money."

Leaning back in his chair he stretched his short legs, yawning lazily.

"But, Dick," said Roxie, "it's an awfully risky business. Suppose you should get caught?"

"Chestnuts! No danger at all! I've got it all planned out—I want the girl, and you've got to help me, as I said before."

Puffing his pipe leisurely, Dick, with a furtive smile, watched his sister's face, as in perplexity, she leaned on the table, her forehead drawn into a frown.

"How did you find Marcella?" she inquired in a low voice. "And how can you get her to marry you?"

"In the first place, to answer your first inquiry: I've kept track of her and her mother since they left St. Louis, and when they moved to Brooklyn I knew it. Then, when her mother died, she came to New York in search of her father's friends, who were reported to be here somewhere. It seems she didn't find them, though, and came to the shop looking for work. I recognized her at once, but she didn't, of course. Know me, indeed! Having seen me but once, and that was some years ago when—well, you know, Roxie, what I left for. Well, to make a long story short, I hired her as a saleswoman in the shop, not knowing what might turn up. She had no boarding place, and I took her home with me. No knowing what harm might come in this cold, cruel world to an unprotected female! And the result is, the girl, I'm thinking me married, of course, she would have nothing to do with me, and——"

"Thinking you married!" retorted Roxie, scornfully. "Any one of the Keith family could ever stoop to the likes of you, Dick Mellor!"

Dick's wolfish eyes emitted gleams of savage fire at the taunt of his sister, and he raised his fist, bringing it down on the table, exclaiming, with an oath:

"Better look out, Roxie! Uncle Maynard, you'll go too far with me, with your sass!"

Their conversation was interrupted by the entrance of Joe Maynard, Roxie's husband.

"What's the matter here?" he snarled. "Can't you let a fellow get a wink of sleep one night have a minute's sleep?"

"No husband to be all night!" retorted his wife, sulkily. "Where were you? Out drinking, shooting dice, playing and carousing, as usual, I suppose?"

"Shut up, you cursed fool!" roared her husband, his bleared eyes snapping with drunken fury.

Roxie turned, stunned a dull red, and her lips twitched nervously.

Taking a chair at the table, Joe looked suspiciously at his wife and her brother. Then he demanded in a surly tone:

"What were you two talking about here, in such a mysterious way? If you've got any secrets about this here house, I'm to be into them, and don't you forget it!"

"Oh, nothing," replied Roxie, "nothing that you are interested in."

"Nothin' I'm interested in," mimicked her husband, as he filled his short clay pipe. "Well, you can't say that to me!"

Roxie bit her lips, but remained silent.

"Way!" he roared, dashing his huge fist down upon the table, "did you hear me a speakin' to you?"

"Yes, I heard you," replied Roxie.

"Then, why in——don't yer answer me?" he demanded, angrily.

Dick rose slowly, stretched himself, and sat down again, remarking, in a careless tone:

"Only talking about earning a few hundred dollars, you see, that's all."

The man's bleared eyes gleamed with avarice.

"Talking about a few hundred dollars, eh? And what's the song that don't interest me, is it?" Reaching across the table, he gave his wife a sounding slap in the face.

"Now, Dick, go ahead, and let us know about them few hundreds," and he rubbed his hands together greedily. "My palms itch already!"

Roxie put her apron to her eyes, the tears wrung from her face which was beginning to swell where the heavy blow had fallen.

"Only a love-pat, Roxie," sneered Dick. "Wives, obey your husbands!"

"Right you are, Dick," assented Joe, between the puffs of smoke. "But, now, let us hear about the

THE RED MACHETE.

The Fair Conspirator of Porto Rico---A Secret League Oath-Bound to Freedom---Love, Wrong, and Retribution.

By COLONEL PRENTISS INGRAHAM.
(Copyrighted 1899.)

SYNOPSIS.

Colonel Frank Delgarde, an American, has married a wealthy Porto Rico lady and has a beautiful daughter, eighteen years of age. He has lived in Porto Rico some twenty years. The Spanish general, Ballasta, wishes to marry the girl, but Delgarde refuses him. He daughter, Rosella, does not love the Spaniard. Santa Sara seeks to force the issue by claiming that he has evidence that Delgarde had left the United States on account of crimes committed twenty years before, and that he would expose and ruin him. Delgarde denies the charges and defies the Spaniard. That night the American goes to Santa Sara's house, breaks open the general's desk, and takes the forged papers, but is surprised by an orderly. Delgarde shoots the man dead.

CHAPTER V.

THE RECOGNITION.

"Do not kill him! Take him alive!"

The stern command rang out from the lips of General Santa Sara as the soldiers who crowded after him into the room were about to fire upon the supposed officer who had cut down the orderly, and was standing at bay, his sword in one hand, a revolver in the other.

The man obeyed the general by raising the muzzle of their weapons.

Then followed a quick surprise, for there came a flash, and the bullet from Delgarde's revolver shattered the lamp to atoms and the room was in darkness.

A hurried rush on the piazza was heard and then the order:

"After him, man, and take him alive if you can—kill him if you must!"

The soldiers started from the room into the darkness without. But they saw no one in the gloom. They listened, but no sound came to their ears of running feet. The general had followed them out upon the piazza.

"Cowards! do you fear to follow one man?"

"We know not, Senor General, which way he has gone," cried a soldier.

"Separate and search the grounds, then! Two of you hasten to the entrance and guard it!"

They obeyed with alacrity.

But the two men who went to guard the entrance were just in time to see a horseman wheel from amid the rose bushery and dash out.

Then on foot to find some mounted soldiers who could pursue.

In the meantime General Santa Sara had called for lights, and the frightened servants came with them.

The lights revealed the form of the orderly prone upon the floor.

General Santa Sara knelt by the man, saw the wound of the bullet in his forehead, placed his hand upon his heart and said, with real feeling:

"Dead! My poor Pedro!"

Then he rose and by his side stood the woman.

She had crouched into a corner of the room in dire alarm.

The servants had left the room at a motion of their master's hand, after placing the lights upon the table.

The face of the woman was white, her nerves having been rudely shocked.

"Do you like the alarm, senora?"

"Yes, I came into the room and saw him rob your desk."

"Then he got a large sum—a Spanish officer's pay."

"He did not rob you of your gold."

"Ah! You were in time to prevent that, Senora?"

"It was not gold he was after."

"Ha! do you know?"

"He was not a Spanish officer, but——"

"He will have him, though I did not recognize him, I confess."

"Ah!"

"Yes!"

"Yes—he was no Spanish officer, I say."

"Why, in the name of heaven," impatiently cried General Santa Sara.

"Great God! Now I see it all."

"I knew him in spite of his disguise, and when I saw the papers he had in his hand I was certain that it was Delgarde and I cried for help, and you must have been near to have come so soon, sir!"

"I had just arrived with my escort from the town, and——"

"A moment sooner and you would have saved those papers; but you have lost them, for he has them and they cannot be duplicated, so your plan fails, General Santa Sara, for I cannot help you without the evidence Colonel Delgarde has now obtained possession of," and the woman spoke foolishly.

But General Santa Sara smiled in a significant, half-malignant manner, and said:

"Senora, Porto Rico is under Spanish, not American government, you know, and things can be done here impossible in your country, as you will see."

"What can you do when he has the papers you paid so much to secure?"

"In securing them she entered my home disguised as a Spanish officer, not wishing to be recognized if seen, and knowing, as such, he could pass any guard I might have here, and which I did not have, as all were asleep.

"He knew I would be away at this time, so he selected well, and he came prepared to get those papers, and did so.

"But he entered my house as a robber, he was surprised by my orderly who first came at your cry, and he killed him.

"In self-defense he placed himself in the double category of a thief and a murderer, hence is beyond the pale of law.

"He may escape you."

"No, for you now believe he is known, and thinks I have no proof that he took the papers or murdered my poor orderly.

"He will go to his home and I will send there and request him to come here.

"Once he crosses my threshold his secret rests between we three and no one need know.

"If he refuses my demand, then the Senor Colonel Delgarde will be killed in defense of his wife and daughter—but I will not anticipate, but only say that here in Porto Rico I have the power to carry out my intentions as I wish to have them. Now, senora, you have come what may, will be well remembered, for without your word I would have no proof that Delgarde was the robber and murderer."

The woman would have spoken, but just then a Spanish sergeant entered and said:

"Senor General, I found a horse and ran in pursuit when he halted, fired, and the animal I rode dropped dead. I fell heavily and as no one near me, was forced to return."

"Sergeant Mendez, you can dismiss your men and go to your quarters, for I know who the Spanish officer was. We will see him tomorrow."

The sergeant saluted and departed, and, turning to the woman, General Santa Sara said, with a courtesy natural to him:

"I hope, senora, my housekeeper has made you wholly comfortable here?"

"In every way, sir, I thank you."

"Then I will see you at the time when again I shall call to fate the Senor Delgarde, for until he comes here to give his answer, as arranged, to my demand, I will not see him."

General Santa Sara bowed and the woman left the room.

A moment after the Spaniard rang for a servant, ordered his horse and called Don Juan, leaving the body of his orderly where he had fallen, and a soldier as guard in the room.

CHAPTER VI.

NOT TO BE SACRIFICED.

Of course the news spread like wildfire through the town that the Spanish officer had robbed General Santa Sara of a large sum of money, and, moreover, that he himself had shot him dead and escaped.

An ambulance had gone out from San Juan, and when it came back the orderly to the barracks, and then officers, soldiers and citizens were profuse in their praise of the robber and murderer could be.

The men who had seen him did not know, they said, as he was a stranger to them, and if the general did know, he kept his own counsel.

If he told the military governor of Porto Rico no one knew it, and when General Santa Sara was a man not to be questioned about his affairs.

The orderly was given a military funeral the next day, and Senor Delgarde, a wealthy man, one whom many feared and who had used his authority unmercifully, his remarkable taking off seemed a real reward to follow his remains to the grave, though it was not safe to say for now was the eye that shed a tear of regret over him.

The day following the affair passed, and if General Santa Sara had taken any steps to discover and bring to punishment the slayer of his orderly, and tried to recover the large sum of money it was said had been taken from him, no one knew it, and in the clubs it appeared as though there was a desire to hush the matter up.

That night invitations were out for a grand ball at the palace, and the invitations of the governor-general to such an affair was as a command, so all thus honored were expected to be in attendance.

Among those thus honored and whose coming was eagerly looked for by many young officers, were the Senor Delgarde, his wife and beautiful daughter, for they were me and all great favorites in Porto Rican fashionable society.

General Santa Sara was early in attendance, for he was a near friend of the governor-general, outside of the high military position he held.

His face was grave, for all knew that he had been much attached to his orderly, who had been with him many years.

He met words of sympathy only with silence and even the handsome senoras and senoritas, who were dying with curiosity to have him tell them of the tragedy, could not break through his reserve.

Suddenly he came face to face with Colonel Delgarde and his daughter, who had just turned away from paying their respects to the governor-general.

"Ah, Senor Colonel Delgarde, I am glad to see you—and you, Senorita Rosella, but is not the Senora Delgarde with you tonight?" said General Santa Sara.

Colonel Delgarde met the ordeal without a quiver, looked the Spaniard squarely in the eyes and replied:

"The Senor Delgarde was not well this evening, and remained without her, Senor General."

"I am very sorry; but I hope it is but temporary indisposition. Now, Senorita Rosella, what dance are you going to allow me the honor of enjoying with you tonight?"

"Pardon me, General Santa Sara, but my pledges are all made, the first with my father," and the young girl smiled on the man just then, and left the Spaniard standing alone.

For a moment he gazed at them as though, with admiring eye, he watched the darling of both father and daughter, but then muttered through his set teeth:

"She will be mine, for certainly is, he is the coolest man I ever saw; but tomorrow could not find a cooler face will see it after our meeting the proud American and his daughter will be humbled, and that beautiful one—yes, she refuses me, when I can have my pick of the beauties of Porto Rico, but I will bide my time until tomorrow."

Once again during the evening, during the dances, Rosella met with her father, General Santa Sara sought her for a dance, yet with a pleasant smile on her face she knew his admiration for the beautiful girl could not be mistaken, the dark look he gave as she turned from him.

Soon after the Delgardes left for their home, and as they passed out they saw General Santa Sara standing near the exit with a returning officer's escort.

But there was a baleful look in his dark eye, which, had the daughter observed, she got fail to see, and when in their volante driving homeward, said:

"Papa, General Santa Sara was black with rage tonight, but did I not do right in refusing his offer?"

"Perfectly, my child, and I am surprised that he should have proposed as he did after what passed yesterday, and all of which I told you."

"He doubtless expects you to yield tomorrow."

To yield, Rosella, implies guilt, as he and that woman accuse me, and I will not have her sacrificed to satisfy him and her; but where it means to sacrifice you, my child, my darling, my life, and bring shame to that man as his wife, I would suffer all that he might have the power to make me sure I would."

"Father, if I became the wife of General Santa Sara then this woman would go away and make no claim upon you, content with what you have for her silence and all would be as before, would it not?"

"That is my belief, child, will it, my child."

"Then, my father, listen to me, for I have a right to decide. The charges of this woman against you would almost surely ruin you, and you have already told heavily upon my poor mother and me, as I understand it."

"Yes, bring dishonor and shame to all of us."

"And if I accept General Santa Sara then there is no charge made and the cloud passes away?"

"My child, to what does this questioning lead?" asked Colonel Delgarde.

"Simply that I can do as many other women have done before me, and died of a broken heart—marry Santa Sara and make the best of it. He is a proud man, and the Castilian family, holds high rank, and you can arrange my fortune so he can only spend the interest of it, as I am told, but I do not love anyone, for my heart is with you, my father, and I do not believe I make the sacrifice than all of us suffer, as he cannot and will not do so."

"Rosella, my child, not another word, I charge you! I am a man, my child, and you know I appreciate all you have offered to do; but I would sooner die than submit to a sacrifice of you, my darling child. No, No. I shall keep my appointment tomorrow as arranged."

"I have the papers safe, as I told your mother and yourself, and I, and we have no proof of their claims, forged, as I swear to my soul of them were.

"The death of the orderly is, of course, a hard thing to face, if he should suspect and accuse me; but I will meet what comes unflinchingly, as you did the ordeal there tonight for my sake, knowing all that you did. But here we are at home, and be brave, my little girl, prepared to meet what comes upon the morrow, for remember I shall not fail her in her sorest time of need."

"I will not fail you, my father, come what may," was the low, earnest reply of the brave, noble girl.

CHAPTER VII.

FACING THE ORDEAL.

Colonel Frank Delgarde was promptly on time to keep his engagement, and rode up to the villa of General Santa Sara just before noon on the day appointed.

All looked serene there, not even an orderly being visible.

He hitched his horse, a servant met him at the door of the villa and ushered him into the room where sat the Spanish general.

The latter arose politely and greeted him with marked courtesy, as is the Spanish style when they have one at their mercy, reminding the victim of the poor mouse and the cat.

The eyes of the general watched the face of the American as he halted upon the very spot where Orderly Mendez had fallen dead, and where a chair had been purposely placed.

But no feature of Delgarde betrayed the slightest emotion at the remembrance the scene called up, though he declined the chair, remarking:

"I thank you, senor, but my visit need only be a brief one."

"I had anticipated a long and pleasant call."

"Then you will be disappointed, for I am here, as I promised, to give you my answer to your request to become the suitor for my daughter's hand."

"You come promptly to business, I see, senor, so I will be equally as prompt and ask what that answer is."

"As I long said, Senor General Santa Sara, appreciating the honor, I yet must decline."

"Under all the circumstances, senor?"

"Yes, under all."

"Then your daughter knows of your decision?"

"Assuredly, as does the Senora Delgarde."

"I must feel some doubt as to this, when I know your dishonor, and even though they be, will rest upon them, if they only know it."

"They do know all, of the plot you have entered upon against me to force me to your will, and the woman, too, of the woman whom Spanish gold brought here to aid in the ruin."

"Do you mean that you told them the facts as you have told them to me, General Santa Sara was evidently surprised.

"I did tell them of my one-time engagement to that woman and to how, upon the very day of our intended marriage, after the latter had been obliged to accept Delgerman's certificate even being made out, I received a letter from her which considered amply sufficient, and refused to make Bertha Crosby my wife. We parted then and there, but met again a few days ago in this room. Yes, senor, innocent as I am, with no stain upon my wife and child, I see no reason to be forced to yield to your demands, and thus make a confessing expose that appears dishonorable upon my part."

"Then you are willing I should bring out the proofs of your guilt?"

"I am willing you should do as you deem best, senor."

"Then I warn that I can hold you for robbery of myself and murder of my orderly, who was doing my duty."

The words were fairly shouted, the Spaniard expecting to crush the American with them.

But Delgarde showed no surprise, no emotion whatever.

"You accuse me of another double crime, then?"

"Yes, I accuse you of having disguised yourself as a Spanish officer, entered my house when I was absent, and at night, with false key, opened my private desk and stole the papers I had there incriminating you. I accuse you also, when I discovered your act, and gave the alarm, of having shot down my orderly, who came to the rescue, and thus added murder to your other crime."

"Have you proof of these charges, Senor General Felipe Santa Sara?" asked the man with a pat with that trumped up against me two years ago relative to my former marriage and a robbery?"

"I have proof, yes."

"Produce it, senor."

"Senora Delgarde, will you appear?"

Rosella and Delgarde, who were outside the room swept in through the door and stood, with unmoved face, as though expecting another tragedy to be enacted in her presence.

She bowed to Senor Delgarde, but he did not return the courtesy.

Rosella Delgarde and the Spaniard seemed to delight in calling the woman by the name of Senora American, Delgarde had admitted she had been married again, and Senor Santa Sara, as Colonel Delgarde had asked her.

"Senora Delgarde, when did you see this woman last?"

"On the night following the day when he was last here, sir."

"Please say under what circumstances?"

"You had told me your history was due to me, sir, and I came to this room to procure a book, you being absent. I saw Mr. Delgarde at your desk, taking from it a package of papers, bound around with red tape, and thought he was in a hurry and disguised, I knew him and I uttered a cry of fear. Then I saw that he was notifying one of the documents you had taken such pains to get. Your orderly came at my call, and Mr. Delgarde, my husband, fired and criminal husband, shot him dead before my eyes."

"Did the orderly attack him, Senora Delgarde?"

"Oh, no, sir!"

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Delgarde made no comment, made no contradiction, as General Santa Sara had been morally sure he would do.

He merely stood silently regarding the woman.

"And then, Senora Delgarde?" asked the Spaniard, evidently disappointed at Delgarde's not entrapping himself.

"In the meantime, sir, you had ridden up to the villa at the side entrance and dismounted, so heard the shot and come in with your soldiers."

"You believe there can be no doubt as to the one you saw being Senor Delgarde in disguise?"

"None whatever, sir."

"Have you any real proof?"

"You observe, sir, that he wears on his left little finger an opal ring, the stone being of remarkable size and of burning lights."

"Yes, I have often noticed it, Senora Delgarde."

"That ring was given to him by my father whose life my husband saved, for it was thus we met. My father loved him as a son and insisted that he should wear that ring, one he had received as a gift from my Aunt Indiana merchant whom he met in his travels. Mr. Delgarde has the ring on now, you observe, and he had it, as that night, for I saw its blazing hues distinctly."

"That is proof of your charge against him," said Don General Santa Sara turned to the American and continued:

"You see that you are in a trap, senor; but there is one way only to get out of it."

"Yes, senor."

"Consent to your daughter becoming my wife, pay your poor wife here twenty thousand dollars in gold, and all the past is forgotten."

"And if I refuse?"

"You become my prisoner on the double charge of robbery and murder—no, no, I'll not say robbery, as I shall set marry the Senorita Delgarde, so shall make it one of conspiracy against Spain, to overow the governor-general and lead the Porto Ricans to rebellion, and you well know what it is to be a prisoner to the Spanish government."

"I know but too well, from all that Cubans have suffered, but, knowing, I refuse!" was the ringing reply.

"Ho, guards!" shouted the Spanish general, and hurrying feet were heard without and within the corridor.

Another moment and in doors and windows appeared Spanish soldiers, and all escape for the accused American was cut off.

CHAPTER VIII.

A MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE.

There was an undercurrent of intense uneasiness in San Juan de Porto Rico, and the governor-general and his soldiers were all on the qui vive, dreading an uprising of the people.

The example set by the Cuban insurgents, in their bold and determined efforts to break the Spanish yoke, had found many sympathizers in Porto Rico, and it was feared that a band of rebels might be formed in the island or in Cuba, to act from there.

A close watch was kept on the Spanish governor and his officers the whole length and breadth of the island, and every incoming and outgoing vessel was closely scrutinized.

The guards at the forts had been increased and those at the San Juan had been trebled, for the governor-general had no idea of being caught napping, should the insurgents declare for Porto Rico libre, and every available man was promptly arrested and imprisoned.

All this stir and uneasiness in San Juan City had been caused more or less by an important discovery and arrest made by that splendid soldier, General Felipe Santa Sara.

His action had fallen upon Porto Ricans like a stroke of lightning from a cloudless sky, and all began to look upon and look upon each other with suspicion and dread.

The act of General Santa Sara had been to arrest the Senor Delgarde, the wealthy American planter of Porto Rico, as a conspirator against Spain and the secret leader of a band of Porto Rican insurgents.

Colonel Delgarde, from his long residence in the island, had been regarded as heart and soul a Porto Rican.

He had married a fair belle of the island, his daughter had been born there, he had done much for the improvement of all works for public good, and the education and advancement of the people, and no one had ever had a thought of suspicion against his loyalty to the Spanish government.

A member of the Spanish Officers' Club, a particular friend of the governor-general, an intimate of General Santa Sara, he had been looked upon as the very last man to be accused of being a conspirator.

It was known that General Santa Sara was devoted to the beautiful Senorita Rosella Delgarde, and many supposed that he would marry her, hence the amazement was great when the tidings flew about San Juan that Colonel Delgarde had been arrested, accused of being the secret leader of a large band of conspirators.

It was said there Colonel Delgarde, knowing from his spies that some secret papers of the conspirators had been captured by Orderly Mendes, had followed him to General Santa Sara's villa, and tried to obtain them by playing the part of a Spanish officer.

Failing in this he had attempted bribery, but the noble Spanish orderly still refusing to give up the papers, Colonel Delgarde had killed him and taken them from his dead body, then making his escape.

He halted, fired and the horse dropped dead.

The colonel had, however, been recognised by an American lady visiting the housekeeper of General Santa Sara, and to the truth had come out as to who was the slayer of Orderly Mendes and the robber of the papers, for it was said no gold had been taken, as previously reported.

Sending for Colonel Delgarde to visit him, General Santa Sara had been convinced that the American was a traitor to Spain, and, being arrested in the villa, tell-tale papers had been found upon him connecting him with the secret conspiracy, as an insurgent leader.

At once Colonel Delgarde had been taken to the Morro and placed in a cell to await trial.

Such was the news that had startled San Juan people and made each citizen regard his neighbor with suspicion.

Of course it was not supposed that the Senora and Senorita Delgarde knew of the treachery of the husband and father, and General Santa Sara had at once, it was said, ridden out to Florida Plantation, as their home was called, to so inform them.

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Sending for Colonel Delgarde to visit him, General Santa Sara had been convinced that the American was a traitor to Spain, and,

He also stated that they would in no way be molested, and that, for their sake, Colonel Delgarde would be made comfortable in prison.

Whether he meant it, or carried out his implied intention, was another thing.

Many friends of the Delgardes feared to show sympathy by calling upon the mother and daughter, for all knew that spies were watching all who went there and all that took place at the Florida Plantation, in spite of the alleged continued friendship for the inmates, of General Santa Sara.

A week after the arrest and imprisonment of Colonel Delgarde another surprise fell upon Spaniards and Porto Ricans alike. This was that the Senora and Senorita Delgarde had suddenly disappeared from their beautiful home. How they had gone, just when and where no one seemed to know, or, knowing, would not tell. Rumor had it that the senorita, in disguise, had visited the Porto Rican bank the day after her father's arrest, and had drawn out a large sum of money in gold, and all the American money she could procure. Then it was said that certain valuable articles in the plantation villa had been hidden away, or taken away, and the house had been quietly closed one night, the servants in the morning finding the mother and daughter gone.

The business agent of Colonel Delgarde in San Juan could only say that the keys had been sent to him, with orders to take charge of the plantation, as the mother and daughter had left Porto Rico, and an address in New Orleans had been given him as their future home, where he could communicate with them. More he did not say, and as he was a Spaniard of wealth and influence, his loyalty was not questioned.

How the mother and daughter had left the island no one knew, and, also, if they went alone was unknown, though it was asserted that a Spaniard and a lad also disappeared, the colonel's valet, Senora Delgarde's maid, and Rosella's old nurse, all natives of the island.

Search was at once made by General Santa Sara all over the island for the missing mother and daughter, but without avail, and the Spanish officer seemed to be terribly wrought up over their mysterious disappearance. Then came another rumor, and just how it originated no one seemed to know, but there was truth for its basis.

This rumor had it that the morning following the flight of Senora Delgarde and Rosella, a handsome yacht had been becalmed off the coast, near the Florida Plantation. As all vessels were under the eye of Spanish officers, an armed steam launch had been dispatched to investigate the large sailing yacht, which was supposed to be an American.

But when the Spanish craft was within a league a brisk wind sprung up, the sails of the suspicious yacht were filled, and it went darting away, unheeding the fire of the little cruiser to try and make the fugitive come to, and which was too speedy to be overhauled.

But strangest of all, as the yacht sped away up to the main gait had been run a strange flag from the mainchain in bright field.

What this flag was, or meant, the Spanish officers of the little cruiser did not know, nor could they describe it, for no other colors were shown as the fleet craft sped on her way.

But what that red machete in its field of blue meant, the Spaniards of Porto Rico were destined to learn later to their bitter cost.

This powerful story of Spanish hate and intrigue will be continued next week. See our fine subscription offer on page fifteen.

DID SHE DO RIGHT?

BY EDITH COOPER.

Alice Bowman sat before the grate, reflecting. June now the ruddy glow of the embers cast spectral shadows over a thoughtful brow and white, clasped hands. The quiet serenity of a winter evening pervaded all things. A kind of restful hush had calmed the spirits that during hours of a world maddened by the wild rush of general humanity, the shrieks of earth's tragedians and the mirth of her comedians, whole roles are daily intermingled on the great stage of life.

People said that Alice Bowman led an ideal life, she being the only and petted daughter of a village home into which poverty had never entered, though luxury seemed never liable to do so. But Alice's life was not all sunshine. Shielded though she was by her wealth and indulgence, yet she possessed bitter and venomous enemies—enemies in the form of one ever dreaded, Howard Gray.

The Grays were worth almost a million, and Howard was the worshiped idol of the home. The love he had always received from his parents was of that passionate, jealous nature so closely resembling blind idolatry. Pride and hope lay in him, in their natures. Howard was destined, in time, to shine in the world of business—and he was their own; his love was all for them. The thought of his marriage was lodged vaguely in a remote corner of their calculations, and if for a moment the possibility of his matrimonial taking-off entered their, forecastings, it was associated with high-life dazzle and social fitness.

But the time came when Howard had dared to do something that was to fall in love with Alice Bowman. His parents seemed utterly incapable of realizing that his love was as truly theirs as before he met his little sweetheart, and that the new love of his was a thing entirely distinct and apart from them. What death-blow it would be to jealousy if people could but realize that one love cannot supplant another, that each occupies its rightful place in the heart, a place that none other can ever fill. Mrs. Gray regarded Alice in the light of a robber, and hated her as they could have hated a housebreaker who had stolen their dearest treasure, their boy's love. Accepted they must be, if not upon her, upon her victim.

All this Alice had lately learned, and on account of it had determined never to leave her, and he, of course, had refused to do so.

Conscientiously and earnestly Alice had weighed the matter. She knew not of a rival. Next to her, Howard loved his art. He was now an art student with the brightest prospect of future success. It was into that glory, he must have money at his disposal. If he remained loyal to Alice, he must sacrifice the love of parents, the luxuries of a princely home, the means for the furtherance of his art studies, and all hope of a future inheritance. He would be poor, and at the lowest rung of Fortune's ladder, with an ambition that could, in all probability, never be realized until the blessed by the curse of estranged parents.

Loyal she knew he would remain. Did

(Continued on page fifteen)

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THE HAUNTED ISLAND.

BY ALGERNON BLACKWOOD.

Our party of nearly twenty had returned to Montreal, and I was left in solitary possession, in order to accomplish some important "reading" for the law which I had foolishly neglected during the summer.

It was late in September, and the big trout and maskinonge were stirring themselves in the depths of the lake, beginning slowly to move up to the surface as waters in the north winds and early frosts lowered their temperature. Already the leaves were crimson and gold, and the wild laughter of the loons echoed in sheltered bays.

With a whole island to oneself, a two-story cottage, a canoe, and the farmer's weekly visit with eggs and bread, to disturb one, the opportunities for hard reading might be very great.

The rest of the party had gone off with many warnings for me to beware of Indians, and not to stay late enough to be the victim of a frost that thinks nothing of forty below zero. After they had gone, the loneliness of the situation made itself unpleasantly felt. There were no other islands within six or seven miles, and though the mainland forests lay a couple of miles to the north, they stretched for a very great distance unbroken by any signs of human habitation. But though the island was completely deserted and silent, the rocks and trees that had echoed human laughter and voices almost every hour of the day for two weeks could not fail to retain memories of it all: and I was not surprised to fancy I heard a shout or cry as I passed round the rock to rock, and more than once to imagine that I heard my own name called softly.

In the cottage there were six tiny little bedrooms divided from another by mere plank unvarnished partitions of pine. A wooden bedstead, a mattress and a chair stood in each room, but I only found two mirrors, and one of these was broken.

The boards creaked a good deal as I moved about, and the signs of occupation were so recent that I could hardly believe I was alone. I half expected to find some one left behind, waiting to creep into a birch box more than it would hold. A thorough search of the floor led me to select as my own sleeping quarters a little room with a diminutive balcony over the veranda roof. The room was very small, but the bed was large, and had the best mattress of them all. It was situated directly over the sitting room where I should live and do my reading, and the miniature window looked out to the dancing sun. With the exception of a narrow path which led from the front door and wormed up through the trees to the boat-landing, the island was densely covered with maples, birches, and pines. The trees gathered in round the cottage so closely that the slightest wind set the branches scrape the roof and tap the woodwork on the walls. A few inches separated darkness from comfortable, and ten yards beyond the glare of the lamps that shone through the little panes of glass you could not see an inch before your nose, nor dare to step without running a splinter in a tree.

The rest of that day I spent moving my belongings from my tent to the sitting room, taking stock of the contents of the larder, and chopping enough wood for the stove to last me for a week. After that, just before sunset, I went round the island a couple of times in my canoe for precaution's sake, but I had never dreamed of doing this before, but when a man's alone he does things that never occur to him when he is one of a large party.

How lonely the island seemed when I landed again! The sun was down, and twilight is unknown in these northern regions. The darkness came up as though it were pulled up and turned over on her face. I groped my way up the little zigzag path all the way to the veranda. The six lamps were soon burning merrily in the sitting room, and I sat down to my first "dined." the shadows were so gloomy, and the lamplight was so inadequate, that the stars could be seen peeping through the cracks between the rafters.

I turned in early that night. Though it was calm and there was no wind, the steady lapping of my bedstead and the musical gurgle of the water over the rocks below were all I could hear sounds that reached my ears. As I lay awake, the appalling emptiness of the house grew upon me. The spacious and vacant rooms seemed to echo innumerable footsteps, shufflings, the rustle of dresses, and a constant undertone of whispering. When sleep at length overcook me, the creaking and noises, however, passed gently to mingle with the voices of my dreams.

A week passed by, and the days were all greased favorably. On the tenth day of my solitude, a strange, Dismal Monday, I awoke after a good night's sleep to find myself possessed with a marked nervousness for my room. The air seemed to stifle me. The more I tried to define the cause of this dislike, the more unreasonable it appeared. There was something about the room that made me afraid. Absurd as it seemed, the feeling clung to me obstinately while dressing, and more than once I caught myself shivering, and conscious of an inclination to get out of the room as quickly as possible. The more I tried to laugh it away, the more real it became; and when at last I was dressed, and went out into the passage, and downstairs into the kitchen, it was with feelings of relief, such as I might imagine would accompany one's escape from the presence of a dangerous contagious disease.

While cooking my breakfast, I carefully recalled every night spent in the room, in the hope that I might in some way connect the dislike I now felt with some disagreeable incident that had occurred in it. But the only thing I could remember was our attorney night when I suddenly awoke and heard the boards creaking so loudly in the corridor that I was convinced there were people in the house. So certain was I of this, that I had descended the stairs, gun in hand, only to find the doors and windows securely fastened, and the mice and blackbeetles in sole possession of the floor. This was certainly not sufficient to account for the strength of my feelings.

The morning hours I spent in steady reading and cheerful broke at the end of the day for a swim and luncheon. I was very much surprised, if not a little alarmed, to find that my dislike for the room had, if anything, increased. Going up the stairs to get a book I experienced the most marked aversion to entering the room, and while within I was conscious all the time of an uncomfortable feeling that was half uneasiness and half apprehension. The fear suit of it was that. Instead of reading, I spent the afternoon in the canoe, fishing and fishing, and when I got home about sundown, I cooked and ate the most delicious black bass for the supper-table and the larder.

As soon as an important matter to me at this time, I had decided that if my aversion to the room should prove unabated, I'd my return as it had been before. I would never get back from there to write it, and sleep there. This was, I argued, in no sense a concession to my silly and fanciful fear, but simply a precaution to insure a good night's sleep. A bad night involved headache, and headache involved work, so I was not prepared to incur.

I accordingly made my bed downstairs into a corner of the sitting room facing the door, and when the operation was completed, and the lamps were burning brightly against the shadows, the silence, and the strange fear that shared the room with them.

Then, suddenly, the old kitchen clock sounded the hour of eight as I finished washing up the supper things. I left the kitchen door behind me, passed into the front room, and, having lit my pipe, and their reflectors, which I had polished up during the day, threw a blaze of light into the room.

Outside the night was still and warm. Not a breath of air was stirring; the trees were silent, the trees motionless; and heavy clouds hung like a sombre canopy across the heavens. The darkness seemed to have rolled itself up with the coming of night, and the faintest glow of color remained to show where the sun had set. There was present in the atmosphere that sense of waiting and whelming silence which so often precedes the most violent storms.

I sat down to my books with my brain unusually clear, and for the first time since the boards of the floors and walls ceased to creak. Even the corners, still, from the gloomy shadows of the kitchen, came the hoarse sound of the clock striking nine, the last stroke merrily lost in the repeated blows of a big hammer. I closed one book and opened another, feeling as if I were just warming up to my work.

The night was very still and lone. I presently found that I was reading the same paragraphs over and over again, though the matter did not require such effort. Then I noticed that my mind began to wander to my fear up stairs in the room, and that my thoughts became harder with each digression. Concentration of attention was particularly more difficult. Presently I discovered that I had been reading for ten minutes instead of one, and had not noticed my mistake until I had come to the end of what was becoming serious. What was the disturbing influence? It could not be physical fear, for I was not conscious of being unusually alert, and in a more receptive condition than usual. I was making a very determined effort to read, and for a short time succeeded in fixing my whole attention to my subject. But in a very few moments again I found myself leaning back in my chair, and instantly lost in thought.

Something was evidently at work in my sub-conscious mind to which I was entirely had neglected to do. Perhaps the kitchen clock had stopped, and I had failed to hear it correctly. I looked at the lamps, went upstairs and listened to it ticking, and then went round the house, and even into the boathouse. Nothing was wrong; everything was in its place. Yet something was wrong! The conviction grew stronger and stronger within me.

When I at length settled down to my books I found it no use to try and read. I became aware, for the first time, that the room seemed growing cold. Yet the day had been oppressively warm, and evening brought no relief. The six big lamps, however, gave out heat enough to warm the room independently. But a chilliness, that perhaps crept up from the lake, made itself felt in the room, and caused me to get up to close the glass door opening on to the veranda.

For a brief moment I stood looking out at the shaft of light that fell from the windows and shone some little distance down the pathway, and out for a few feet into the lake.

As I looked, I saw a canoe glide into the pathway of light, and immediately crossing it, pass out of sight again into the darkness. It was perhaps a hundred feet from the shore, and it moved swiftly.

I was surprised that a canoe should pass the island at that time of night, for all the summer visitors from the other side of the lake had gone home weeks before, and the island was a long way out of any line of water traffic.

My readings from this moment did not make very good progress, for somehow or other I found myself looking more dimly and swiftly across the narrow track of light on the black waters, discovering itself against the background of my mind with singular vividness. It kept coming between my eyes and the printed page. The more I thought about it the more surprised I became. It was of larger build than any I had seen during the past summer months, and was more like the old Indian war canoes of the high curving bows and stern and wide beam. The more I tried to dismiss it the less success attended my efforts; and finally I closed my books and went out on the veranda to walk up and down a bit, and shake the chilliness out of my bones.

I am not a nervous man, and as dark as imaginable. I stumbled down the path to the little landing-stage, and as I stood there made the very faintest of gurgling under the tiniest of ripples, such as are caused in the mainland forest, far across the lake, stirred echoes in the silence of the night like the former canoe, a big birch-bark, with high curving bows and stern and wide beam. It was paddled by two Indians, of the type, exactly, of the old war canoes. It peared to be a very large man. I could see this very plainly, and though the second Indian was of slighter build than the first, I judged that they were both on their way to the Big Hunt permanent Reserve which was situated some fifteen miles away on the mainland.

I was wondering in my mind what could possibly bring any Indians down to the island at that hour, and in an hour of the night, when a third canoe, of precisely similar build, and occupied by two Indians, passed silently round the end of the wharf. This canoe was in every respect similar to the same, and that only one canoe was circling the island.

This was by no means a pleasant reflection, because if it were the correct solution of the mystery, it meant that the whole canoes in this lonely part of the lake at so late an hour. The purpose of this visit could reasonably be considered to be in some way connected with myself. I had been warned to look out for attempts at violence upon the settlers who shared the Big Hunt reserve with the Indians, at the same time, it was not beyond the region of possibility that they had come to rob me. I did not care to even think of such hideous possibilities, and my imagination immediately began to work out a number of solutions to the problem, which indeed came thick and fast, but which I did not succeed in recommending themselves to my judgment.

Meanwhile, by a sort of instinct, I stepped back out of the bright light in which I had been busily engaged, and stood still in the deep shadow of a rock to see if the canoes would return. I was determined, at first I could see and not be seen, and the precaution seemed to be wise.

After less than five minutes the canoe, as I had seen it before, came to fourth appearance. This time it was in front of me as from the wharf, and I saw that the Indians were looking at the house. They were as those who had passed before, and the same. I noticed a fourth time.

It was unquestionably the same canoe. There could be no doubt about it. For some purpose of their own the men had been going round and round the island for some time, and were now, apparently to land. I strained my eyes to follow them in the darkness, and at that bend could easily have swallowed them up, and not even the faintest sound betrayed their presence. As a matter of fact the Indians piled their long and powerful canoe on the shore, and would be round again in a few moments, and I felt sure it was possible that the men might land. It was well to be on the safe side, whatever were their intentions, and two to one (when the two Indians were together) on a night as lonely island was not exactly my idea of pleasant entertainment.

In a corner of the sitting room, leaning up against the back wall, stood my Marlin rifle, with ten cartridges in the magazine, and one lying snugly in the greased breach, ready for instant discharge. I took the rifle to the veranda, carefully picking my way across the room so as to avoid being seen in the light. Entering the room, I left the door open to the veranda, and as quickly as possible turned out every one of the six lamps. To be in a room so brilliantly lighted, when all the darkness outside could be observed from outside, while I could see nothing, was to be at a terrible disadvantage. Every window, was by all laws of warfare every advantage to the enemy. And this enemy, if enemy it were, was far more wise and dangerous to be granted any such advantage.

I stood in the corner of the room, with my back against the wall, and my hand on the cold rifle-barrel. The table was between my right leg, between me and the door, but for the first few minutes after the lights were out the darkness was so intense that nothing could be discerned at all. When very gradually, the outline of the room became visible, and the framework of the windows began to shape itself dimly before my eyes. After a few minutes the door (its upper half of glass), and the two windows that looked out upon the front veranda, became sensible of contrast; and I was glad that this was so, because if the Indians came up to the house I should be able to see their approach, and gather something of their plans. Nor was I mistaken, for there presently came to my ears the peculiar hollow sound of a canoe landing and being carefully dragged up over the rocks. The paddles, and distinctly heard being placed underneath, and the silence that ensued there. upon I rightly interpreted to mean that the Indians were stealthily approaching the house.

While it would be absurd to claim that I was not alarmed—even frightened—at the gravity of the situation and its possible outcome, I speak the whole truth when I say I was not overwhelmingly afraid of myself. I was conscious that even at this stage of the night I was passing into a psychical condition in which my sensations seemed no longer normal. Physical fear at no time entered into the nature of my feelings; and

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PUZZLE
FIND THE PRINCESS.

BOYCE'S MONTHLY,
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though I kept my hand upon my rifle the greater part of the night, I was all the time conscious that its assistance could be of little avail against the terrors that I had to face. More than once I seemed to feel most curiously that I was in no real sense a part of the proceedings, nor actually involved in them, but that I was playing the part of a spectator—a spectator, moreover, on a psychic rather than on a material plane. Many of my sensations this night were too vague for definite description and analysis, but the main feeling that I will stay with me to the end of my days is the awful horror of all, and the most piteous sensation that if the strain had lasted a little longer than was actually the case my mind must inevitably have given way.

Meanwhile I stood still in my corner, and waited patiently for what was to come. The house was as still as the grave, but the inarticulate voices of the night sang in my ears, and I seemed to hear the blood running in my veins and dancing to my pulses.

If the Indians came to the back of the house, they would find the kitchen door and window massively fastened, but I had not got in there without making considerable noise, which I could hardly be heard. The only means of getting in was the door that faced me, and I kept my eyes glued on that door without taking them off for the smallest fraction of a second.

My sight adapted itself every minute better to the darkness. I saw the table that nearly filled the room, and left only a narrow passage on each side. I could also make out the straight backs of the wooden chairs pressed up against it, and could even distinguish my papers and instrument lying on the white oilcloth covering. I thought of the gay time that I had had there round that table during the summer, and I longed for the sunlight as I had never longed for it before.

Less than three feet to my left the passage—way to the kitchen, and the stairs leading to the bedrooms above commenced in this same—way, but almost in the sitting room itself. Through the windows I could see motionless outlines of the trees; not a leaf stirred, not a branch moved.

A few moments of this awful silence, and then a was aware of a soft pad on the boards of the veranda, so stealthy it seemed an impression directly on my brain rather than upon the nerves of hearing. Immediately afterward a black figure darkened the glass door, and I perceived that a face was pressed against the upper pane. A shiver ran up my back, and my hair was conscious of a tendency to rise and stand it right angles to my head.

It was the figure of an Indian, broad-shouldered and immense; indeed, the largest figure of a man I have ever seen outside of a circus ball. By some power of light that seemed to generate itself in the brain, I saw the strong dark face with the aquiline nose and high cheek-bones flattened against the glass. The direction of the gaze I could not determine, but faint gleams of light as the big eyes rolled and showed their whites, told me plainly that no corner of the room escaped their searching.

For what seemed fully five minutes the dark figure stood there, with the huge shoulders bent forward so as to bring the head close to the pane of the glass; while behind him, though not nearly so large, swayed to and fro like a tree the shadowy form of the other Indian. While I waited in an agony of suspense and agitation for their next movement, little currents of icy sensation ran up and down my spine, and my head ached constantly to stop beating, and then start off again with terrifying rapidity. They must have heard its thumping and the singing of the blood in my heart! Moreover, I was conscious, as I felt a cold stream of perspiration trickle down my face, of a desire to scream, to shout, to bang the walls like a child, to make a noise, or do anything that would relieve the tension and bring things to a speedy climax.

It was probably this inclination that led me to another discovery, for when I tried to move my head from behind my back to raise it and have it pointed at the door ready to fire, I found that I could not move my muscles, paralyzed by this strange fear, refused to obey the will. Here indeed was the true explanation.

There was a faint sound of rattling at the latch, and then the door was pushed open a couple of inches. A pause of a few seconds, and then it was pushed still farther. Without a sound of footsteps that was appreciable to my ears, the tall figure glided into the room, and the man behind gently closed the door after him.

They were alone with me between the four walls. Could they see me standing there, or were they relying on my corner? Had they, perhaps, already seen me? My blood surged in my head like the roll of drums in an orchestra; and though I did my best to suppress my breathing, it sounded like the rushing of wind through a fashionable tube.

My suspense as to the next move was soon at an end—only, however, to give place to a new and severer alarm. They had hitherto exchanged no words and no signs, but there were general indications of a movement of some sort, and whichever way they went they would have to pass round the table. If they came my way they would have to pass within six inches of my person. While I was experiencing this very disagreeable possibility, I perceived that the smaller figure (made by comparison) suddenly raised his arm and pointed to the ceiling. The big fellow raised his head and followed the direction of his companion's arm. I began to understand at last. They were going upstairs, and the room directly overhead to which they had pointed had been this night my bedroom. It was into the room in which I had experienced that very morning so strange a sensation of fear, and but for which I should then have been lying asleep in the narrow bed against the window.

The Indians then began to move silently around the room; they were going upstairs, and they were coming round my side of the table. So stealthy were their movements that, but for the abnormally sensitive state of the nerves, I should never have heard them. As it was, their cat-like tread was distinctly audible. Like two monstrous black cats they came round the table toward me, and for the first time I perceived that the smaller of the two dragged something along the floor behind him. As it trailed along over the floor with a soft sweeping sound, I somehow got the impression that it was a large dead thing with outstretched wings, or a large spreading cedar branch. Whatever it was, I was unable to see it even in outline, and I was too terrified, even had I possessed the power over my muscles, to move a step forward in the effort to determine its nature.

Nearer and nearer they came. The leader rested a giant hand upon the table as he moved. My left arm grew stone-cold, and the air seemed to burn in my nostrils. I did not dare to look at them, I might yet see as they passed me; but my eyelids had stiffened, and refused to obey. Would they never get by me? Sensation seemed also to have left my legs, and it was as if I were standing on mere supports of wood or stone. Worse still, I was conscious that I was losing the power of balance, the power to stand upright, or even to lean backwards against the wall. Some force was drawing me forward, and a dizzy terror seized me that I should lose my balance, and topple forward against the Indians just as they were in the act of passing me.

Even moments drawn out into hours must

A double flash of lightning lit up the room.

come to an end some time, and almost before I knew it the figures had passed me and had their feet upon the lower step of the stairs leading to the upper bedrooms. There came a blank of a few seconds between us, and yet I was conscious only of a current of cold air that followed them. They had not touched me, and I was convinced that they had not seen me. Even the trailing thing on the floor had passed me and had touched my feet, as I had dreaded it would, and on such an occasion as this I was grateful even for the smallest mercies.

The absence of the Indians from my immediate neighborhood brought little sense of relief. I stood shivering and shuddering in my corner, being able to do little else to breathe more freely. I felt no whit less unconquerable fear, and was conscious of a certain light, which, without apparent source or rays, had enabled me to follow their every gesture and movement, had gone out of the room with their departure. An unnatural darkness now filled the room, and pervaded its every corner, so that I could barely make out the position of the windows and the glass doors.

As I said before, my condition was evidently an abnormal one. The capacity for feeling surprise seemed, as in dreams, to be wholly absent. My senses recorded with unusual accuracy every smallest occurrence, but I was left entirely to my own unaided deductions.

The Indians soon reached the top of the stairs, and there they halted for a moment. I had not the faintest idea of their movement. They appeared to hesitate. They were listening attentively. Then I heard one of them, by the sound of his soft tread, must have been the giant, cross the narrow corridor and enter the room directly overhead—my own little bedroom. But for the loudness of that unpleasantly dread I had experienced there in the morning, I should at that very moment have been lying in the bed with the big Bible in the room standing beside me.

For the space of a hundred seconds there was silence, such as might have existed before the birth of sound. It was followed by a long quivering shriek of terror, which rang out into the night, and ended in a short gulp before it had run its full course. At the same moment the other Indian left his place at the head of the stairs and joined his companion in the bedroom. I heard the "thing" trailing behind him along the floor. A thud followed, as of something heavy falling, and then all became as still and silent as before.

It was at this point that the atmosphere surcharged all day with the electricity of a fierce storm, found relief in a dancing flash of brilliant lightning simultaneously with a crash of loudest thunder. For five seconds every article in the room was visible to me with amazing distinctness, and through the windows I saw the tree trunks standing in solemn rows. The thunder pealed and echoed across the lake and among the distant islands, and the floodgates of heaven then opened and let out their rain in streaming torrents.

The drops fell with a swift rushing sound upon the still waters of the lake, which leaped up to meet them, and pattered with the rattle of shot on the leaves of the maples and the roof of the cottage. A moment later, and another flash, even more brilliant and of longer duration than the first, lit up the sky from zenith to horizon, and bathed the room momentarily in dazzling whiteness. I could see the rain glistening on the veranda just as they were in the act of passing me.

A third flash followed, and then another, and another, and another, each more brilliant and of longer duration than the last, till the sky from zenith to horizon, and bathed the room momentarily in dazzling whiteness. I could see the rain glistening on the veranda just as they were in the act of passing me.

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Above all the noisy voices of the elements, the slight sounds in the room overhead made themselves heard, and in the few seconds of deep silence that followed the shriek of terror and gulp I was aware that the movements had commenced again. The men were leaving the room and proceeding the top of the stairs. A short pause, and then they descended. Behind them, tumbling...rons step, to step, I could hear that trailing "th..." being dragged along. It had become pon...erous!

I awaited their approach with a degree of calmness, almost of gaiety, which was only explicable on the ground that after a certain point Nature applies her own anæsthetic, and a merciful condition of numbness supervenes. On they came, step by step, nearer and nearer, with the shuffling sound of the burden behind growing louder as they approached.

They were already half-way down the stairs when my mind began to affirm itself in a condition of terror by the consideration of a new and horrible possibility. It was the certain fact that if another flash of lightning were to come when the shadowy procession was in the room, perhaps when it was actually passing in front of me, I should see every detail, and would, perhaps, be seen myself! I could only hold my breath and wait—wait while the minutes lengthened into hours, and the procession made its slow progress round the room.

The Indians had reached the foot of the staircase. The form of the huge leader loomed in the doorway of the passage, and the burden with an ominous thud had dropped from the last step to the floor. There was a moment's pause while I saw the Indians turn and stoop to their companion. Then the procession moved forward again, entered the room close on my left, and began to move round me on the side of the table. The leader was already beyond me, and his companion, dragging on the floor behind him the burden, whose outlined outline I could dimly make out, was exactly in front of me, when the cavalcade came to a dead halt. At the same moment, with the strange suddenness of thunderstorms, the spasm of the rain ceased altogether, and the wind died away in utter silence.

For the space of five seconds my heart seemed to stop beating, and then the worst came, a double flash of lightning lit up the room and its contents with merciless vividness.

The huge Indian leader stood a few feet past me on my right. One leg was stretched forward in the act of taking a step. His immense shoulders were turned toward his companion, and in all their exaggerated fierceness I saw the outline of his features. His gaze was directed upon the burden his companion was dragging along the floor; but his profile, with the big aquiline nose, high cheek-bone, straight black hair and bold chin, burnt itself in that brief instant into my brain never again to fade.

Dwarfish, compared to this gigantic figure, appeared the companion. He was an Indian, who, within twelve inches of my face, was stooping over the thing he was dragging in a motion that I felt to be upon the additional horror of deformity. And the burden, lying upon a sweeping cedar branch which he held and dragged by a long stem, was the body of a child. The scalp had been neatly lifted, and blood lay in a broad smear upon the cheeks and forehead.

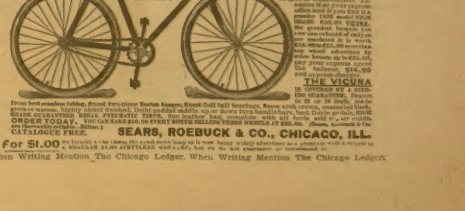
Then for the first time that night the terror and awe that had paralyzed my muscles left me, and I was conscious only of a fierce desire to seize the big Indian by the throat, and, grappling with him, wrestle forward unconscious upon the ground.

I had recognized the body, and the face was my own.

It was bright daylight when a man's voice roused me from my stupor. I was in bed, where I had fallen, and the farmer was standing over me. My rifle leaves on bread in his hands. The horror of the night was still in my heart, and as the bluff settler began to question me I put up the rifle which had fallen with me, with many expressions of astonishment and gratefulness. I imagine my brief replies were neither self-explanatory nor coherent.

That day, after a thorough and fruitless search of the house, I left the island, and got over to mainland by the help of the farmer; and when the time came for me to leave, the necessary reading had been

(Continued on page fifteen.)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Parsnip Complexion.

A majority of the ills afflicting people today can be traced to kidney trouble. It pervades all classes of society. In all climates, regardless of age, sex or condition.

The sallow, colorless-looking people you often meet are afflicted with "kidney complexion." Their kidneys are turning to a burning color, as is their complexion. They may suffer from indigestion, bloating, sleeplessness, uric acid, gravel, dropsy, rheumatism, catarrh of the bladder, or a irregular heart. You may depend upon it, the cause is weak, unhealthy kidneys.

Women as well as men are made miserable with kidney and bladder trouble and both need the same remedy. Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney, liver and bladder remedy will build up and strengthen weak and unhealthy kidneys, purify the diseased, kidney-poisoned blood, clear the complexion and soon help the sufferer to perfect health.

The mild and the extraordinary effect of Swamp-Root is soon realized. It stands the highest for its wonderful cures of the most distressing cases, such as weak kidneys, catarrh of the bladder, gravel, rheumatism and Bright's Disease, which is the worst form of kidney trouble. It is sold by druggists, in fifty cent and dollar sizes. You may have a sample bottle by mail free, also pamphlet telling all about it. Address Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

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A Different Variety.

Kerrigan—Did yez tell Houlihan Oi wuz an A. F. A.?

Macginnis (suavely)—Be aisy, Kerrigan. It wuz an A. F. E. Oi said yez wor.

It Beats the Band.

The newest and most inspiring piece of Sheet Music, arranged for piano, is "The Pioneer Limited March," composed by Capt. Frederick Phinney, Bandmaster United States Band, published by S. Brainard's Sons Co., Chicago, Ill.; distributed only by the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway. Enclose 16 cents and address Geo. H. Hoafford, General Passenger Agent, 858 Old Colony Building, Chicago, Ill.

A Gentle Hint.

"I wish to announce before the collection is taken up," said the parson, "that I have wholly recovered from the severe cold with which I was afflicted a week ago. Consequently it will not be necessary for any one to put lozenges or cough drops in the contribution box."

Spring Tiredness is different from the weariness caused by labor. The latter is cured by rest; the first requires a few bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla to cure it.

That distress after eating is cured by Hood's Pills. They do not gripe. 25 cents.

"FAIR AND ABOVE BOARD."

His Way.

Who is it ever slow in ire?
Your Uncle Sam.
Who takes long aim before he'll fire?
Your Uncle Sam.
Who is it, when by other means
Present themselves his foemen cleans
From Cuba to the Philippines?
Your Uncle Sam.

And then when war's red sun has set
O'er Uncle Sam,
Who is the readiest to forget?
Your Uncle Sam.
Who, having millions and to spare,
For friend and foe removes all care?
And pays the damage, then and there?
Your Uncle Sam.

Mistook It for a Sign.

"I never buy ready-made clothing," said Senator Borghum.

"I didn't know you were a fastidious dresser."

"I'm not. But a friend of mine once bought a ready-made suit of clothes while he was a member of the legislature. He forgot to take the price tag off. And a man who happened to be buying legislators at that time refused to give a cent more than $20 on the advertisement."

A Germ.

The doctor sees me chasing
The microbes near and far,
They are all bent on placing
The crawlers in a jar.
But they overlooked a matter
An important little worm,
That is sent to widely scatter;
It's
the
cold
feet
germ.

Advancement.

"The trouble with people who talk about China," remarked Li Hung Chang, "is that they don't study us."

"Have we been misrepresented?"

"Grossly. I've raised the price on that Russian ambassador three times in the last year. And yet they say this is not a progressive government."

Too Slow.

Mag (reading fragment of novel)—Lucius fell on his knees before her. Now that we are engaged, darling," he cried, "I will claim the privilege of a kiss."

Liz—Say, Mag, how d'ye s'pose she ever come to get engaged to such a guy as dat?

Farseeing.

He—If we could but try love in a cottage—
She—In my name, of course!

Deafness Cannot Be Cured

by local applications as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammatin can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by Catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Original Politician.

They cheered him with an echoing shout
As soon as his remarks were done;
For he had talked an hour without
One word of Thomas Jefferson.

A STRIKING RESEMBLANCE.

Bowery Staggers—Wot yer cryin' for, Willie?

Weary Willie—Ah, Staggers! de las' lady I sat for a "hand-out" resembled me angel mudder.

Bowery Staggers—Did she give yer anything?

Weary Willie—Yes; she gave me a swipe in de jaw an' t'rew a flatiron at me. Dat's how she resembled me angel mother.

AN UNFORTUNATE EDICT.

Mrs. Clooney—It's th' shmall bit yure man eames t' be injiyin' th' avenin', Mrs. O'Teague.

Mrs. O'Teague—It's revinge Of'm havin', Mrs. Clooney. He wor afther objectin' this me dicholytzer con-cradge, an' Oi med him lind me th' loan av his galluses for t' shatishfy his dacency.

Could Use Him.

King of the Cannibals—He ain't much for eating, but we can have fun pulling his legs for a wish-bone.

A Boarding House Conundrum.

"When is a calf like a hen in hot water?" inquired the facetious boarder, addressing nobody in particular.

"I don't know," replied the landlady. "Please tell us."

"When it is a chicken stew," was the rejoinder. And a deep hush fell upon the assemblage.

How Dare You.

The Father—Look here, young man, I don't want you to take the liberty of kissing my daughter again.

The Culprit—But, sir, she—er—dared me to do it.

Dared you?"

"Yes, sir; she said 'How dare you?' "

The Critic's Dilemma.

Editor—Didn't I tell you to roast that play that Fizzlegrrr the pugilist, is starring in?

Critic—Yes, sir, but—

Editor—But what?

Critic—Mr. Fizzlegrrr requested me to praise it.

In Chicago.

Mrs. Lakefront—Them Boston people ain't so cultchered as they're cracked up to be.

Mrs. Wabash—I should say not. Why, I heard Mrs. Backbay speak of Shakespeare as a playwrite instead of play writer.

Casualties.

"Do you regard this idea of preserving beef with chemicals as an exploded fallacy."

"I do," answered the army officer, "and there's no telling just yet how many people have been hurt by the explosion."

Tested Friendship.

Jackson—Heaven bless him! He showed confidence in me when the clouds were dark and threatening.

Wilson—In what way?

Jackson—He lent me an umbrella.

Cornfed Philosopher.

"While the people, as a rule," said the Cornfed Philosopher, "don't know just what they want, they usually find out what they don't want, if the politician will only go on talking."

Why the Minister Sighed.

Jinges—What did the minister say when the plate came up?

Bingo—He said he wouldn't mind so much if the buttons were all silks.

Place to Search.

Mr. Mann—Where in hades can that confounded collar button be?

His Little Daughter—Have you looked where you'd never think of finding it, papa?

Unlike Others.

O, whoreafore, Mr. Otis
Will you be so completely roam,
And actually flirt instead
Of quarreling at home?

His Limit.

"I have noticed, Clara," said the fond father, "that young Meanboy has spent a good deal of time with you lately."

His daughter sighed. "You are right, dad," she answered, "but that is about all he has spent."

Sad Case.

"Emeline has the blues again."

"What's the matter now?"

"Well—she had to spend the 61 cents she had saved toward going abroad."

By My Fire.

I seek fair faces in the flame—
But—h-o-o doth my fancy roll,
I only see that saving dame
Who tells me not to burn much coal.

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Improved United States History.

By IKE QUIGLEY, Historian.

CHAPTER IV.

BEFORE THE KING AND AROUND THE QUEEN.

The thought of appearing before the king made Chris somewhat nervous. He was silly. Why, one night I appeared before four kings and one queen and I was not a bit nervous until the other fellow called me. Even then all that worried me was the possibility that he might have four aces.

Chris mustered up his courage and hustled down to the palace about 10 o'clock the next day. The queen was upstairs making beds but when she saw him coming down the street she ceased work and hastened down to meet him. Of course she had to stop before the glass and prime a few minutes, as the cook let him in. Upon being informed his business the kitchen divinity told him he would have to wait a few minutes as the king hadn't fully recovered from the effects of his jag, and was at that time relieving his feelings somewhat by cussing the palace janitor.

Chris perched himself upon the steam radiator in the parlor and was jiggling his heels against its metallic sides in Spanish edagio movements when the soft-headed queen glided into the room.

Chris hopped from his perch to clasp her to his embroidered shirt front, but the queen was unmoved even if she was just as willing. Putting her finger to her lips she silently enjoined him to be cautious while she peered under the sofa, behind the piano and other places where a spy could be concealed. Assuring herself that they were alone she assumed a coy, "now-you-behave" manner and waited for Chris to open hostilities. He didn't daily much about it, for as soon as he saw that "you-must-not" expression flop from her eyes he knew that he must act in mighty quick time. So he encircled her shirtwaist with his right upper limb and kissed his left pie hook in her inky (red ink) tresses. Meanwhile she had secured an over shoulder tackle on Chris, then—

Their lips met with a thud
A ball and a mud.
And to each other clung

How long that lovers' interview would have lasted I cannot tell, for it was rudely interrupted by a tovvy-headed, dirty-faced, little Spanish princess sticking her head through the doorway and bawling:

"Say, ma, the cook is out in the alley flirting with the dog catchers, and the soup is boiling over and running all on the side of the stove."

Chris and Izzy uncoupled with a suction of lips that sounded like the discharge of a 16-inch coast defense gun.

Being interested in kissing (from a scientific standpoint only) I am very sorry that osculation was interrupted; for, judging from the grip each had on the other, I think it would have been a record-breaker. As it was Chris' lips looked like they had been held against a hot mustard plaster for about two hours.

The king having announced that he was ready to see Chris, the scientist picked up his hat which wobbled after the large down a long hall that smelled of boiled cabbage and burned soup. He was shown into a room which contained a large table, several chairs, a king and three jacks.

The jacks were bald-headed geegers who always occupied front seats at the opera, and they were dubbed wise men because they knew a good figure when they saw it, and could always tell by the merest glance when sawdust or cotton batting was resorted to by the stage dimwitts. Verily, the king had chosen wise counsellors to guide him in the affairs of his nation.

"Gentlemen," said the king, "this is Chris Columbo, an Italian scientist. His countrymen chased him over the border because he said this earth is round. Now, we have met to decide if he tells the truth. If he does not then we must commit him to the incurable asylum. He is too handsome to run around loose among our innocent senoritas."

Chris read selections from the diary of his grandmother (11 or 13 times removed) and portions of it seemed quite interesting to his auditors, but when he began to read his thesis on the round-as-a-ball proposition the king went to sleep—the result of too much beer before dinner. It really is not advisable to drink beer before dinner; doctors say that a man who does so is liable to get drunk, and while in that condition his wife could easily compel him to eat a bum dinner and make him say he liked it.

When Chris had finished reading the wise men began to ask him questions.

"Do you maintain that the earth is round like the globe you here produce, and that people live on the other side?"

Chris nodded an affirmative.

"How do they stick on?"

"Da hava loops, like da croquet arches, made fasta da earth. Sticka da feet in loop; hangs like da monk."

"But they would be standing on their heads."

"Gotta use t' dat. Women have da dress strapped around da ankle."

"Must be a great country!" ejaculated one of the wise men.

"Much a great landa. Heapa da gold. Maka da king rich. No hava da chase growier

The king went to sleep while Chris Was Talking.

—owna da brewery; hava da pipe line right to throne. King give me shipa, me finda new land; bring bring back da gold."

"Is there water on the other side of the globe?"

"Sure Mike."

"How can water stick to the under side of a globe?"

"Colda da air; freeza da wat; maka da ice on da outside; da wat in da middle."

"But you can't sail a ship on ice."

"Ughm; da ice boata; go like da wind."

The wise men were convinced that the world was round, awakened the king and told him it was all right, and that they wanted ships to go to the new land to get a ship load of gold to relieve the country of the odious tax and built the price on silver.

"All right," replied the king, "but first I wish him to settle a question for me. For over a week my wise men have been trying to stand an egg on end. They have failed. Can you do it?"

"Sure da job; give me da egg."

An egg was handed him for the trial. He intended to mash the small end of the shell with a slight tap against the table, making a level surface for the egg to stand on. But a bit of egg entered. They have failed. Can you do it?"

"Sure da job; give me da egg."

An egg was handed him for the trial. He intended to mash the small end of the shell with a slight tap against the table, making a level surface for the egg to stand on. But a bit of egg entered. They have failed, and the egg being of the vintage of the previous century, exploded. His majesty, the king, had approached the table in order that he might have a good view of the egg, and they have failed. Can you do it?"

"Sure da job; give me da egg."

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"What, ho! Without, there, guards. Seize this corn doctor who has stabbed your king with a rotten egg. Take him to the dungeon keep, and as soon as I get this mote out of my eye I'll go down and sing to him until he dies in agony."

Chris was in a nice fix now, and he would have had to explain the sentence passed upon him had not some of Ferdy's friends happened in about that time and asked the king around the corner for a drink. When he came home he didn't know a scientist from a threshing machine. Izzy put her liege lord to bed with his boots on, and securing the key to the coal cellar went down and released her audacious scientist lover.

"Nica da queen. Me like you muchs," he said, munching at her aristocratic nose.

"Ah, my love, we must fly—we must elope. I will soak my jewels, my husband's head, and anything I can find to raise the money. We will get ships and sail west until we come to the jumping-off place."

"Hota da stuff. Me sticka like da glue," and he nibbled at her left ear like a sucker at a fat grub.

They went upstairs and collected as much portable stuff as they could carry and took it to a hock shop near the corner. Izzy waited outside while Chris interviewed the venerable uncle.

He told before that philanthropic man a solid brass crown, ornamented with rhinestones as large as hickorynuts; seventeen rings; a snuff box; ivory-handled toothbrush (somewhat worn); set of King Ferdy's false teeth; three pairs of the queen's shoes (nearly new); a seal skin sacque (a little moth eaten); silk quilt (a trifle worn on one spread); two bustles (then out of date); one cook stove, three joints of stovepipe and other kitchen utensils; also the key to the treasure chest.

"How much you give?" asked Chris.

"Feefteen tollair," murmured Isaac.

Chris shook his head.

"Tweenty?"

Another shake, and more bids, until the three-ball money changer offered $21.37, which sum Chris accepted. This item is important inasmuch as it shows just how much money was expended in outfitting the expedition that was destined to reopen communication with the great western continent.

Having received the money Chris and Izzy on which they had stood figured.

Just as the command was given to cast off the hawser that connected the ships a couple of pigs in a mudhole, when they went aboard one of the ships, from the chat to a few minutes they would be sailing out upon the bounding billows, as I shudder just how much naught but death or a South Dakota divorce could separate them.

Alack! also alas!

Their heartstrings were due for a wrenching on which they had not

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28 YEARS OLD.

Published Every Saturday.

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All communications should be addressed to

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COURTS AND TRUSTS.

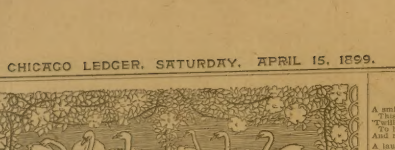
Trusts are not all powerful and can be destroyed in the people, despite their extinction. There are many causes why they continue to multiply. The first reason is the love of a few men of wealth to their promoters; sometimes by the sale of watered stock to gulls, sometimes by reason of their having a monopoly in their line and sometimes for the reason that their aggregation, beside killing out opposition, really cheapens the product. Much of the legislation against them has been insincere on the part of the legislature and of much necessarily ineffectual. By the canons of construction that courts cannot safely depart from, statutes, if penal, must be strictly construed; if remedial, the intent of the legislature must be followed in their construction. Such statutes are inadequate as well as insincere; that is, when a power is given in a statute all other powers are thereby excluded. Hence any body of capitalists forming a trust in a state where an antitrust law exists are merely required to put their trust in such a way as to avoid the inhibition of the statute, and the courts are powerless under the statute. But courts as a rule execute their duty to be to protect large property rights when aggregated in a trust and strain the rules of construction in the trust's favor.

The evidence for their conviction must frequently be found by the evidence of themselves, their books or their agents. They burn their books, they are a corporation and cannot be sworn; their officers and agents will not testify and the courts will not compel them. This is Monett's trouble at present in Ohio; the trust's agents will not testify, the courts will not compel them and Monett is powerless.

Attorney General Griggs decides that trusts cannot be prosecuted unless they interfere with trade between the states, and as doing only, he, as an officer of the United States, is powerless. If his premises were correct his conclusion would be also. There is no objection to his logic; the trouble is he has no desire to prosecute. Many trusts fail without his rule, but as he has no desire to convict, and United States courts are in sympathy with him. If the state officers should commence a prosecution the trusts would claim the protection of the United States courts—and get it too—on the ground that their business extended over the entire Union.

If the upper leather and the calfskin and the sole leather trusts come to pass, will the shoe wearers have to walk on their "uppers?"

After fighting trusts all his life, Gomez, who is now out of a job, might come to Chicago and fight the ice trust a few rounds.



WHAT SHE FOUND.

BY DEREK VANE.

"Which shall it be?" she asked herself. "Shall I go out of the world respectably, or cry to buy a moment's happiness at the end? I can't bear the idea of being buried like a pauper, but I should like to know if I will be in my coffin when it is so long since I heard one. I should like to feel and look like a lady again if only for an hour."

Margaret Eden was sitting in Kensington Gardens early one morning in June, debating this question with herself. She presented a striking contrast to her surroundings. Nature was at her freshest and sweetest at this hour in the morning, thrush and blackbird warbled in the trees, and the bold sparrows dipped in and out of the ponds and sat in rows on the railings to dry. The woman who watched this pretty toilet performance with unobserving eyes was neither young, nor fresh, nor fair; though not so many years ago she had been all three. In her hand she held a shabby purse containing fifty dollars, the price of which meant life or death. She had come here to decide what she should do with it, whether it should pay for a few more months' purchase for her an hour's doubtful happiness; a taste of her old joys or whether it had been a suggestion of the ridiculous in such a debate to an outsider eye that could not strike her so.

Being a woman, excitable, apt to act on impulse, craving with a sick intensity for a little love and kindness, it was, perhaps, not difficult to her to decide.

"Vogue la galere!" she cried, recklessly, throwing up her head, the color of which needed grace, "I have been like Martha, careful and troubled about many things, and must be like the lilies of the field for a change. I'm to take no thought for the morrow, but, at least, is mine, let me make the most of it."

"Just to look at you once more, Jack—just to touch your hand," she murmured, as she walked away, "would repay me for all I've undergone."

She gathered her shabby cloak round her, pulled the coarse veil over her face, and walked away, feeling much more erect than she had done for many a day. She stepped lightly and quickly out of the industrial draggles, weary tread. Was she not going to take her old place in the world? The place that belonged of her—to her by a fit of pique—she had married Lawrence Eden and gone with him to India, and lived until at his death a few months ago, she had reached the age of thirty-five. It was easy to rise again.

"I must have some breakfast first," she said to herself, gaily. She was not going to think of any unpleasant things today; time enough for that to-morrow, whatever what I shall have?" And she felt an almost childish excitement in the choice.

She entered a fashionable restaurant near Hyde Park Corner, where, just before it opened, and a yawning waiter looked at her askance; her presence in that white and gold salon. She smiled at the waiter's concealed disdain, at her own excitement, she would have smiled at any trifle, and ordered some new-laid eggs.

"It is rather different from my usual breakfast of bread and butter and weak tea, teapot and a stale crust," she mused, as she daintily attacked the delicacies set before her. The purely physical enjoyment, thawed the cold, dull ache of her heart. The delicious aroma of the Mocha. "I do not think it will be possible for me of the poor old 'crackers' I used to let off on the Fifth, next November," she thought, as the last pate lais smouldering in the darkness for a long time, and now I am a rocket that flies at the end."

She enjoyed the meal at her leisure, scanning a daily paper the while. Once she nearly laughed aloud when she found herself following a column with close interest.

"How absurd I am! What can it matter to me? I shall never see the end of it."

When she went out she found that the sun was blazing and the shop windows were decked in their most effective array. She stopped and looked in at one of the fashionable drapers. There was a pretty pink muslin gown in the window which caught her attention.

The attendant came forward to me in pink," she murmured. "He said I looked like a rose. Would I look like one now? I should like to remind him as much as I can of the days before the crash."

It was such a dainty robe, and it was so long since she had worn anything bright and pretty, that she could not resist it. Rather timidly she went in. The great glass doors were thrown back; an obsequious attendant bowed before her, and the next moment she was going up the thickly carpeted staircase to the "Costume Department." Her figure was still slight and girlish, and the muslin being made blouse fashion, with soft folds that supplied the roundness of which trouble and want had robbed her long ago, it needed but little alteration, and was ready for her to wear.

"It suits madam to perfection," remarked the superior young person who attended on her, thinking, at the same time, that she had got hold of a queer customer. It was not usual for faded-looking women in shabby black to come in and buy pink muslins.

And as Margaret looked at herself in the long pier-glass she could not but indorse the verdict. Her good breakfast and the excitement under which she was laboring had given back to the worn face something of its former youth and beauty; the eyes sparkled; there was a vivid spot of color in the delicate cheeks; the plentiful brown hair, which was the only thing time had left untouched, fell in soft waves on her forehead. You could imagine that ten years ago it had been a pretty, dimpled, baby face; not very wise or strong, perhaps, but one that makes its way very easily to most men's hearts. It was stronger and had more character now than in those bygone days; but much of the old nature was still there. It was too pure and high to consort with shame and disgrace, but it could not rise above circumstances or struggle on alone.

"I will take it," she said, with an attempt at dignity. "Now will you show me a hat? Something not—not too young."

After a most unsatisfactory she decided on a hat made of black chiffon, which shaded her face softly, and, having purchased a veil and gloves, she left the shop.

"What shall I send your own things?" the attendant asked, as Margaret was going away without giving any address.

"What shall I send your own things?" the attendant asked, as Margaret was going away without giving any address.

"No, it does not matter—" she began, and then, seeing the surprise on the girl's face, she gave the name of a West End street in which she had a solitary room. It was a little absurd to be comfortable drapery; it cart would ever find its way there, and that the shabby clothes now worn would be thrown away. They belonged to another life. She had done back ten years.

Then to think which she did not enjoy quite so much as her breakfast, for her appetite was still keen, was the critical moment, which she could not contemplate without a thrill of trembling and pulses, was drawing closer, she took a hansom to a little street in Soho, and dismissed it; she did not want to soil the freshness of her attire. A critical inspection of her hat and gown had shown her that it was not young enough for the frock; it was scarcely pretty enough in the hat, but the whole ensemble dragged a semblance of beauty if there were any found. She would go to the shop where she had worked and see what he could do for her.

"I don't want to appeal to Jack's pity," she thought. "I couldn't bear that; I who once had only to hold up my finger for him to fall on one knee. He knows of course that I have come down in the world, but I am not looking badly. I do not wish him to know. I must see him again. I'm a fool, perhaps, but I am not that kind of fool, but I don't want to spoil his remembrance of me. I should like him to find me fair to look upon."

"Make me look as nice as you can," she said to the pretty girl who had put herself into the artist's hands; and he, being a sympathetic soul, quickly understood the feminine nature better than many of his kind, and with a touch of sympathy, and did not laugh.

"Madam shall be quite satisfied," he said, respectfully, and he has not taken care of herself, but the materials are all here, and I will do my best."

When Margaret saw herself after those skilful hands she was more than that, she gave a little cry of delight and surprise. Behind a few minutes almost have been the girl of ten years ago; nothing was coarse or palpably false. The man was an artist indeed, and had worked on the rules of the human face as he might have worked on a picture.

"How long will it last?" she asked, with a little sigh of regret.

He shrugged his shoulders and threw out his hands.

"Madam must not give way to the emotions," he said. "They are very bad for the face—bad for the complexion. To look happy, even if one does not feel so—that is the thing to do."

When Margaret found herself again in the neighborhood of the park it was nearly 5 o'clock.

"It is time," she thought, drawing a long breath, "that I should always went out driving from five to six."

She turned the corner of Park Lane, and stopped at a little white house with a green door, filled with scarlet geraniums and marguerites. Red and white striped sun-blinds shaded the windows and reminded her of the Riviera.

"She was always fond of show," Margaret said, with a touch of bitterness. There seemed to be a suggestion of ostentation about the house that she disliked, it was hard to contrast that other woman's fate with her own. "I could see at once the trouble she had taken might be wasted upon the master of the house might not be at home. She sickened at the thought, but thrust it back quickly. Fate would not play her so shabby trick at the last.

The door opened and she found that her fears had been needless. Mr. Leslie was at home.

"You need not announce me," she said, as the man stopped outside a door. "I am an old friend." And before he could remonstrate she had opened the door herself and gone in.

The room seemed half dark after the glare outside, and Margaret paused a moment to

(Continued on page eleven.)

THE SWEETEST THINGS.

By Ella Martin.

A smile is just the sweetest thing
That sad old world has ever known;
'Twill often back true gladness bring
To hearts from whence it long had flown,
And never leave a sting.

A laugh is just the gladdest thing
That ever came to this sad old earth;
There's courage in its gladsome ring,
And salvation in its mirth—
It never leaves a sting.

True love is just the dearest thing
This sad old earth has ever known;
Pure pleasure finds in the love its spring
Where love's true flower once has grown—
It peaceful joy doth bring.

THREE COFFEE WRECKS.

Plain Facts Worth Considering.

For the past six years, up to twelve months ago, I was a perfect wreck and slave to coffee. It kept me in a prostrated condition continually.

Gradually my heart became affected, and I suffered intense pain in the left side and over the region of the heart.

Every now and then had nervous spells that laid me up for weeks at a time. I was also troubled with shortness of breath whenever I exerted myself in any way.

I could not lie on my left side and my sleep was broken with nervous pains and smothering sensations. The doctor told me that it was coffee drinking.

I put myself under his treatment but did not leave off the coffee, and as I obtained no help, his medicine was thrown away.

By chance I learned of the Postum Food Coffee, and concluded I would try and quit the coffee habit and use Postum. After a week's time I felt greatly improved, and continued using Postum and am still using it. My appetite returned to me and I gradually regained my health and strength, and am now as well and hearty as I ever was. I have no more pain in my heart trouble since using Postum.

I do not understand that Postum is in any way a medicine, but that it is a food, whereas the ordinary coffee is a very powerful drug, and as such I speak and many others.

Two of my near neighbors were addicted to coffee, and it treated them much as it did me. They are Mrs. M. Foy and Mrs. Mary Pitts.

When they found what a change had been made in me in leaving off coffee and using Postum, they threw away their old coffee pots, got rid of their drug habit and began to use Postum. The first time they tried it, they said, "Why, this is coffee." But soon found that they had not allowed it to boil long enough. Now they are the most healthy ladies as you ever saw, rosy and well; their physical aches and ills all gone. They are not coffee drinkers any more, but life better than they ever did before. Mrs. Emma Harris, Paris, Miss.

A Plea.

Contrarious you seem to go,
Good weather pushes friend of mine!
The Almanac flies in your face,
And then perhaps the sun will shine.

PERSONAL—Any lady or gentleman wishing to correspond with the opposite sex for fun, pastime, improvement or marriage, should write to us. We have a large list of persons wishing to correspond. We introduce you by mail. Thousands of gratifications, warm friends and happy marriages have resulted from our system. Strictly confidential. We refer to this paper. Address with stamp for particulars, Correspondences Club, Box 193, Chicago, Ill.

The man who succeeds in perfecting a smokeless cigarette will benefit humanity more than all the cigarette smokers in creation.

Discovered by a Woman.

I have discovered a simple home remedy that female diseases and the piles. It never fails to cure the piles of long standing or either sex, or any form of female trouble, such as leucorrhœa, displacement, inflammation, ulceration, etc., and worked such a wonder of the remedy to every sufferer. Address

Mrs. Emma M. Hamilton, Box 78, Kenton, Ind.

It is all well enough to say "Know thyself," but if some people really did they ought to be ashamed to acknowledge it.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

An enterprising St. Louis man expects to make a fortune in Cuba raising umbrellas during the rainy season.

Boy's Secret Society—Membership Free.

Fake Kodak Outfit, Quarter Size, Camera, Tripod, Developer refund the money if it fails to cure. 25 cents. The Kodak Co., 1 & 3 Custom House Place, Chicago.

It's a signal triumph for the weather man when his prediction happens to come true.

Free Government Lands.

There are still thousands of acres of government lands in the states of Washington and Oregon, which are open to settlers lands near railroad or water communication that can be bought for $5 an acre an upwards. There are no cyclones, blizzards, long winters or real hot summers; no failure of crops. Take your choice. If you wish to raise grain principally or finest stock on earth, you can find locations in those two states where you can do this to perfection. I have no lands for sale, but if you want information where it's best to locate write me at 199 East Third St., St. Paul, Minn. Yours, H. E. WERKMAN.

WHAT SHE FOUND.

(Continued from page eleven.)

look around. As she stood motionless, a man, reclining in a low chair, turned his head and uttered a sharp exclamation.

"Margot—Margot!" he repeated, with a touch of awe in his wonderment, but in tones of infinite love and longing. Was it a visionary spirit of the girl he had loved ten years ago, and never forgotten? He did not move from his seat, but his eyes clung to her face.

At the sound of the old pet name, uttered with the same tender inflection, Margaret's self-control broke down. Gone was her pride, forgotten was the explanation she had mapped out for herself; forgotten was everything, except that the man she had never ceased to love was before her; that after eight years she looked on his face again, and found in it the old tender-ness which had always leaped out for her.

"Jack—oh, Jack!" she murmured inarticulately, but her arms with a little sobbing cry flung a child, and running toward him she fell at his feet."

"Margot, is it really you? I can hardly believe it. I have thought of you so often, and lately I have been making inquiries about you in every direction, but all in vain."

"Why should you think of me, Jack—of me?"

"Have you forgotten?"—sadly—"I could never forget. If I am nothing to you, why

As she stood motionless he turned his head and uttered a sharp exclamation.

have you come to me—why do you look at me with the eyes of the girl I loved?"

She rose to her feet, putting up her hands to her head.

"I don't understand," she murmured. "What do you mean? What can you and I be to each other now? I came because—because I knew it would be the last time; because I could not go without bidding you farewell. Oh, my pride has had a heavy fall, Jack, since the day it came between you and me. I wanted a kind word from you, that is all; I have no right to more."

"Then you have no love for me left? How could I expect it after all these years? And yet I had ventured to hope. I had heard you were free, and when I saw you standing there, I thought you had come to me, knowing how much I want you."

She looked at him wildly. She had done and suffered much today, and her strength had been taxed almost beyond what she could bear.

"Don't torture me, Jack—you were never cruel! Why should you kneel at my feet?—for he had thrown himself down beside her—"at mine, which have walked in the mire for many a day? I am not what I appear to be, and I am only growing worse every day. Don't mock me, Jack! Give me a kind word and let me go."

But he clasped her hands the tighter.

"Let me go when I have only just found you again—when you have almost told me you love me?" He laughed.

She, too, laughed, but pitifully.

"I don't understand," she whispered. "Jack, you are not mad? I am such a sinner that Jack my husband would not have me to put in mind to it. I regard you as not having anything in common with me. I had no thirty dollars so that the parish should not bury me—I could not bear the thought of that—and I should have gone out of the world quietly. Just an overdose of chloral, which nobody could have said was not an accident."

"But then came the thought of you, Jack —I felt I must see you once more. So—so the fifty dollars went in this"—pointing to her bosom—"that I might be presentable in it to the last. There! you know all my humiliation now," and she laughed hysterically, "if you love me, don't seek to degrade me further. Let me go—I could not bear to meet your wife."

"My wife died six months ago," he replied, gravely. "I thought you knew."

She looked at him a moment with amazed staring eyes, her breath quick and coming going. Then she sway

Her unstrung nerves gave way.

We may suffer hopelessly, dumbly, as the brute creation do, until it flies at strikes us with the force of a blow. But, happily, it seldom kills.

UNPROFITABLE REVENGE.

BY EMILY S. HUTCHINGS.

Geoffrey Haygood pushed his chair back from the office desk, struck his watch with a snap and rubbed his bony hands together in satisfaction. "Four o'clock!

"I guess that'll fetch her," he reflected, grimly. "She may come to be here at four o'clock and it wants only ten minutes till four now."

His [illegible] eyes glittered coldly, and his thin lips were [illegible]. It was not a good face to look upon. Not a trace of pity for the woman whose heart he had crushed years ago. Once Helen Haygood had married against her father's wish, a man too noble, too generous to be a financial success, and for this final [illegible]ve thousand dollars from another m[illegible] safe, I call it theft."

"How could Howard have known th[illegible] combination on your safe? And, besides, I [illegible]e had so much money, I am sure he would [illegible]ot let his mother suffer."

"Oh, I have no doubt he is sharing it with his mother," the man answered. "Doubtless you have been helping him to [illegible] affection all these years."

"I [illegible] you know you speak what is untrue, the woman cried, bitterly.

"Very well, we have the young man at last," Mr. Haygood said, coldly. "I only wanted to tell you that he will be safely [illegible]t in jail within twenty-four hours. Hopeless that such my spirited daughter, who refused to marry the millionaire her father selected for her!"

"Oh, father, you will not—you cannot imprison your own grandchild!"

"I both will and can," was the icy rejoinder.

"But sir, you don't know what you are saying. Oh, my darling boy! Do anything in mercy, but not that. Do not blight his manhood with the brand of a felon's cell. Unless you swear that you will not prosecute, [illegible]en if he was guilty?" the wretched mother [illegible]ed, in her misery.

"I'll bring you to your knees in the dust my proud girl. I'll teach you to—"

"Father, I humble myself in the dust before you," she cried, falling on her knees.

"Mother, do not kneel before that monster," Howard Haygood cried behind her, and Howard Warren sprang forward from the door where he had been standing and lifted the trembling woman to her feet. With a cry of rapture she felt on his neck sobbing. "Oh, my boy, my darling boy!"

Before the tender greeting was fairly over, Geoffrey Haygood arose from his desk.

"Well, young man, we will have the warrant served at once. What have you done with my five thousand dollars [illegible] divert—

"I did not take your money [illegible]" Howard interrupted, with flashing eyes. "I went the same into the office when you thought I was up and left the money there in the safe. Five hundred of it you put away in your pocket and the rest you buried in the cellar. As soon as you had gotten out of the office I took the money you had so kindly given me and left town."

Pale and trembling, the old man sank into his chair.

"I have made good use of my capital," Howard continued, "you lied to my mother when you said I was in Minneapolis. I have just come from Dawson City, Alaska, Mexico, where I was counted a rich man. For five years I have been opening the veins of the garret miner and collecting the precious stones those patient little insects use to warm their eggs. In addition to these precious stones, I have found a blanket vein as rich as anything the Alaska gold fields can show.

"And in spite of your wealth I will have you in prison before night," Mr. Haygood said, sarcastically.

"No, you will not. I have proof of my innocence," Howard said [illegible]

"[illegible]ing on the proof, you miscreant [illegible]

Howard cut short his imprecation [illegible]

a thick morocco note book from his pocket, he shook it in the old man's face.

"Do you recognize that?" he cried. "True, it is written in cipher, but I have had ample time in these five years to study out a key to your cipher. I read here not only your own account of your plan to entrap me, in order to crush my poor mother, but I found out the record of all your shady business transactions. Best of all, I read here that you married my grandmother when my mother was [illegible] year old, and all the money belonged to her."

The old man's face grew livid and the arms stood out [illegible] like ropes [illegible]often with rage as if to throttle the [illegible] that confronted him; but, with a cry [illegible] never forgot, he fell f[illegible]ward on the desk.

"Rupture of the heart," the physicians [illegible] the autopsy gave as the cause of his [illegible]

There followed a magnificent funeral, such as Geoffrey Haygood would have desired; but Helen covered her head with flowers, for it was not good to look upon.

The Marriageable Age.

It makes considerable difference in the matrimonial market what age a girl or woman may have been born or is a citizen. This remark applies with peculiar force to the minimum age which makes the union legal. In a measure implies the consent of parents and guardians in all the countries cited, although once united the law sustains the marriage mainly irrespective of the parents' [illegible]. In Austria, 14 years is looked upon as sufficient to entitle a person of either [illegible] on the burdens of matrimony. [illegible] requires the male to be 18 and the [illegible] 16. In France the former [illegible] at the 14 and the woman 15. In [illegible] intended husband must have attained [illegible] 18 years and the woman her [illegible] In Hungary, the Roman Catholics [illegible] that the man must be 14 years and the woman 12, for Protestants the man must be [illegible] and the woman 15. In Greece the man [illegible] have seen at least 14 summers and the woman [illegible] 12, the latter having the [illegible] more sensible, and a youth must refrain from matrimony till he can count 18 years and a woman until she can count 16. In Switzerland men from the age of 14 and women from the age of 12 are allowed to marry. The Turkish law provides that any youth and maid who can walk properly and can understand the necessary religious [illegible] are allowed to be united for life.

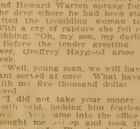
Revised.

I want to be an angel
But not in my baby-days;
I want to be an angel
But I'll wait until I'm [illegible]

Short Girls and Matrimony.

It is said that short young ladies [illegible] better chance of marrying than their sisters, and the reason [illegible] short women make the better [illegible]

[illegible]RA given FREE
[illegible]ow to it
[illegible] offer on p



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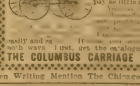
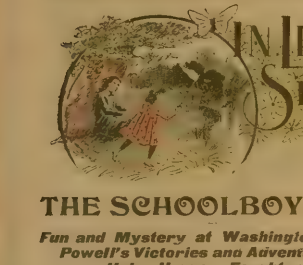


TEA SET 56 PIECES. FREE
[illegible] Pail also for family use, beautifully decorated & most artistic design.
[illegible] Vegetable Dish, a most rare [illegible] and absolutely [illegible] Both [illegible] Dishes [illegible] Set of [illegible] 56 pc. a [illegible] We [illegible] and will [illegible] Write [illegible] Vegetable Dish [illegible] Set [illegible] Pail [illegible] Dishes [illegible] Set [illegible] Pail [illegible] Dishes [illegible] Set [illegible] Pail [illegible] Dishes



THE SCHOOLBOY CADETS

Fun and Mystery at Washington Hall---Barry Powell's Victories and Adventures and How Hoke Ummer Fought and Fell.

ROY ROCKWOOD.

(Copyrighted, 1899.)

SYNOPSIS

Barry [illegible] home in Rantoul, Illinois, [illegible] Washington Hall, [illegible] comes to the school. Ummer is a fat [illegible] and Barry [illegible] him. [illegible] Barry [illegible] Ummer [illegible] they espy another [illegible] and Billy Goul, his toady, on board. The bully and his toady cannot manage their craft, and, suddenly, she runs into the other boat, and after the sloop craft containing Barry and Link begins to sink.

CHAPTER V.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

"We are lost!"

"Cling fast for your lives!"

Several other cries rang out.

The shock of the collision was terrible.

But all clung fast and no one was thrown into the water, to be struck and perhaps instantly killed.

"What do you mean, Hoke Ummer?" yelled Barry. "You ran into us purposely!"

"There was no time to reply nor to say more.

After the crash the two boats drifted apart, and with a somewhat damaged bowsprit the Corker went on her way.

"What did her do?" asked Snuff. "We've got a neat little hole in the side."

"Can we launch the shore?" asked Link. "I don't want her to go to the bottom of the lake."

"I reckon I can manage it. Just hold that bit o' canvas over the hole."

Barry and Link jumped to do as bidden, while Snuff undertook "steer the boat toward shore.

She was becoming water-logged that she acted clumsily, and they had their hands full.

"We are going down!" groaned Link, but as he spoke the keel grated on the sand and a moment later she swung around hard and fast, and in danger of capsizing no more.

Luckily the Bunker Hill was not much damaged, yet Snuff declared she would make Ummer and Goul pay for mending her.

The accident did not keep Barry and Link from going fishing, and before supper time they had a nice mess to their credit.

On returning to the Hall by way of the lake road they met Hoke and Bill, who also had a string of fish.

You thought it fine to run into us, didn't you?" began Barry. "Supposing we had been drowned?"

"Wish you had been drowned!" growled the bully. "You're a couple of low tramps!"

"This is not your neighborhood," cried Barry, and shoved the bully over backward into a pool of mud. Before Ummer could extricate himself Barry and Link made off for the Hall.

"I'll get even—just give me time!" hissed the bully to his toady. "I'll put make Barry Fowle he had never been born!"

And he meant what he said. He was an evil-minded fellow, and when aroused would stop at nothing.

CHAPTER VI.

BARRY SHOWS HIS NERVE.

"Hark, Link!"

"What is it?"

The two boys had left the lake and taken to the road which led toward the town.

Here Barry wished to order some stuff for a midnight feast.

Barry stood listening intently to a dull, heavy, trampling sound, which was wafted faintly toward them on the breeze.

"Do you hear that?" he asked, excitedly.

Link listened, and could distinctly hear a low thud, thud, thud in the distance.

"What does it mean?" he asked.

It means that a pair of ponies, or horses, have run away, and are coming along at a tearing gallop.

As if in corroboration of his words, at that moment a light phaeton, drawn by two high-spirited ponies, which were pounding along at the top of their speed, burst round the bend of the road.

The vehicle was rocking from side to side, and every moment threatened to hurl it into one of the deep ditches which lined the road.

As Barry gazed at the approaching carriage his heart seemed to stand still.

"Link!" he cried, "there is someone in the phaeton—a lady, I believe."

"So there is," gasped Link, in tones of horror. "What shall we do?"

"We must stop them."

With his face whiter than usual, and his lips tightly compressed, our hero ran down the road.

"He is courting death," said his chum, beneath his breath. "But I may be of some use."

And he started after his companion.

Barry was running at the top of his speed, for he saw that the occupant of the carriage was only a young girl and utterly helpless, and that every second's delay endangered her life.

On and on he went until he was within a score of yards of the maddened steeds.

Then he planted himself firmly in the middle of the road and prepared for a spring.

Fiercely the ponies dashed onward.

Nearer and nearer they came, until it seemed they must inevitably trample him beneath their iron-shod hoofs.

But our hero never wavered.

Motionless he crouched there until the end of the pole attached to the trap struck him.

Then he leaped up and caught both the bridles in his strong, sinewy grip.

The ponies, with loud whinnies of rage, tossed up their heads and lifted him from his feet, but he clung tenaciously to them.

They dragged him a few yards further for a few yards, and then their speed began to slacken.

Link now came up, and the vicious little brutes were brought to a standstill.

Then Barry, thoroughly exhausted, sank in a heap upon the ground.

As soon as the carriage was stopped in its wild career, a fair and beautiful girl sprang out.

"Oh, is he very much hurt?" she cried as she raised her clasped hands in despair.

Barry struggled to his feet, and as he gazed on the fairy-like form and sweet, delicate face his heart flushed and his head beat quickly.

"I am not hurt at all," he said, stoutly, although his arms and legs and every portion of his body ached as though he had been upon the rack.

"How can I thank you?" she exclaimed. "If it had not been for you and your friend I think what might have happened. You saved my life."

At this praise the hero blushed more than ever.

"It require no thanks," he said. "I am rewarded enough by knowing I have been of some service to you, but I think you are scarcely strong enough to be trusted with such a high-spirited animal."

"My father would never have thought of such a thing," she said. "He alighted at a cottage to visit one of his old friends, and while he was inside the ponies bolted. But here he comes, and I know he will be better able to thank you than I am."

Barry pointed to the road to a tall, elderly gentleman, of upright carriage and aristocratic bearing, who was coming up the road at a rapid pace.

"It's Judge Moore," whispered Link; "he owns a fine place a couple of miles from here."

In another minute our hero found himself being presented to the judge, who overwhelmed him with thanks.

"You must come and dine with us, you and your friend," said the judge; "my son will only be myself and my daughter Alice. Way, you must, you shall!" he added, as I call upon Captain Hooper and tell him all about it, and if you ever require a friend do not forget to come to me."

Barry would have respectfully declined the invitation, but a look from Alice Moore prevented him from doing so.

He therefore thanked the judge for his kindness, and then the two boys took their leave.

Our hero simply raised his cap, but Alice put out her hand.

"You will be certain to come?" she asked, in a low tone.

"Certain," he replied.

The news of Barry's heroism spread through Washington Hall, and he speedily found himself a decided hero.

CHAPTER VII.

HOKE UMMER'S TREACHERY

Barry received an invite the following Monday in getting a quantity of cake, pie, and other stuff from town and hiding them in an unoccupied bedroom.

He was also promised a dozen bottles of ronbeer and soda water, but these he was unable to smuggle into the school owing to the watchfulness of Captain Hooper and his assistants.

Accordingly he hid the stuff in the bushes near the lake and decided to go after it late at night.

He unfolded his plan to Link, and this plan was overheard by Hoke Ummer.

Next to the empty bedroom was a window overlooking the side playground. From this window Barry decided to reach the ground by a rope of a long rope.

This was the only way to get out, as after 9 o'clock all the doors and windows below were locked in such a fashion they could not be opened.

That evening Barry, with a light heart, repaired to the empty bedroom.

Opening the bundle of stuff, he spread out upon a tablecloth of newspapers a prettily decorated ham, a couple of cold roast chickens, a fine apple pie, a quantity of mince pies, and a varied assortment of choice fruits and cake.

All these arranged to his satisfaction, he looked at his watch and then sat down and waited.

It was just half-past eight, and in another half hour servants and masters would all have retired for the night.

After what appeared to the watcher an age, the great school clock tolled solemnly out the hour of nine.

Then Barry drew out a thick rope from beneath the bed and left the room.

Soon he was at the window.

Throwing up the lower sash, Barry fastened one end of the rope securely and threw the other out.

"Just the right length," he said, and then he swung himself over the window sill.

The door of one of the spare bedrooms had opened and Hoke Ummer had stepped into the corridor.

As the light of the moon fell upon his face it looked strangely white and ghastly.

His lips were tightly compressed and his eyes had in them a baleful glare as he crept stealthily but quickly to the window.

Arrived there, he looked down that he might not be seen by any person outside.

Then, with the rope, he untied the knot by which the rope was secured.

There was heard a loud, wild cry, followed by a dull, heavy thud.

Then all was still.

The bully crept away along the corridor and down the stairs, his heart beating as though it would burst from its bounds.

His hastily formed plan to "get even" with our hero had succeeded.

Meanwhile, was Barry dead or alive?

This fascinating story will be continued next week. If you wish a subscription offer appears on page thirteen.

MY ONE SOLACE.

By Ella Martin.

Oh, let me lay my head tonight
Upon your breast
And close my eyes against the light—
I am weary, and the world looks sad;
This world of care
Turns me to you, and oh, I'm glad
Though friends may fail, or turn aside,
You're ever good,
And let me rest my head beside
My only solace in each grief,
And in denial;
Your sympathy is my relief,
And soothes each care.
If joys of life would alienate
This poor, weak heart
From you, I'd find no pleasure great
Enough to part;
Our sympathies are knit to my lot.
I'd ever remain
Bereft of love, though true or not.
But you're my pain
Your presence bright
Your every care and life.
And, oh! I thank my God tonight,
I am your wife!

They Want Reporters Everywhere.

The Literary Bureau Company of Chicago is offering liberal cash prizes for stories and items of general interest. Women and men, both young and old, are invited to send them in their own words, and the publishers will tell how work would do well to send and enclose a stamp for instructions.

The New Spring Sleeve.

The chief sleeve of the spring will be the curved inlet puff worn under part much lower than the upper. It is a small sleeve with regard to fullness at the shoulder and elbow, and as neatly as is compatible with comfort. To relieve the plainness of the sleeve at the shoulder is often seen, a style which facilitates the movement always an easy matter, because it admits the introduction of a contrasting fabric.

Velvet ribbon is usual to cut lining and material on the same pattern, but when slashed the former is better with a smaller lining for the upper part.

The Inventor of Spectacles.

The Medical Journal says that the invention of spectacles is often attributed to Salvino degli Armati, of Florence. Further research, however, has shown that in 1285 Savino degli Armati, a Florentine, worked in glass to form it as a help to vision. For him, therefore, may justly be claimed the honor of having invented spectacles. He died in Florence in 1317 and was buried in the church of Santa Maria Maggiore. On his stone is the following inscription:

Here lies Savino degli Armati, inventor of spectacles. May God forgive him his sins. Anno Domini ——.

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Anger a Disease.

An English journal thus comments on the injurious effects of anger: "Anger serves the unhappy mortal who indulges in it much the same as intoxicants constantly taken to the inebriate. It grows into a sort of disease which has various and terrible results. Sir Richard Quain said not long ago: 'He is a man very rich, indeed, in physical power who can afford to be angry.' This is true. Every time a man becomes white, or red, with anger, he is in danger of his life. The heart and brain are the organs mostly affected when fits of passion are indulged in. Not only does anger cause partial paralysis of the small blood vessels, but the heart's action becomes intermittent; that is, every now and then it drops a beat—much the same time as is experienced by excessive smokers."

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STUBBY'S LAST CHANCE.

BY FLORA HAINES LOUGHEAD.

Stubby Sullivan stole through the thick field of mustard lining the road, his eyes and ears alert. He wore a coarse straw hat, a dark flannel shirt, and a pair of trousers whose lengthwise stripes were almost effaced by the dirt with which they were encrusted. From time to time he looked down upon these garments with a feeling of pride. He had not misspent the half-hour that he had lain concealed in a pit of brick-clay, energetically rubbing the moist earth into the coarse threads of the fabric.

In his heart there was deep pride and a sense of triumph. The twelve-year-old boy had accomplished a feat that many desperate men had attempted, and few had ever succeeded in doing; for he had eluded the notice of the officers, and escaped the cordon of guards surrounding San Quentin prison.

He was happy as a bird that has escaped from its cage after years of captivity. He began to whistle, but checked himself. The world stretched before him, broad and beautiful. The yellow field of mustard was like a shimmering sea of gold. The low hum of the bees was music. A rabbit, startled by his step, stopped an instant in the road to look at him with bright curious eyes, and ears erect, and then darted away. The stone the boy would have flung at it dropped from his hand, for was he not in sympathy with all free wild creatures? His large brown eyes that looked straight before him with a melancholy expression.

"Who are you?" asked the boy, looking off over Stubby's head.

"I'm a ranch hand," said Stubby. "Who are you?"

"I'm nothing in particular," returned the boy, sadly. "We drove up from San Rafael this morning. My father left me here with the driver. He had to go over to San Quentin."

Stubby was beginning to understand. He had been scowling at the fine clothes and handsome carriage with the instinctive jealousy of the homeless unfortunate. This was the son of the newly-elected governor, who was paying his first visit to the prison. It was through the unwonted air caused by his unexpected arrival that the boy convict had been able to get away. The scowl in his face deepened. Like all of his class, it was part of Stubby's theory of life to hate anyone remotely allied to the law and its officers. He would have liked to strike the boy and then run away.

"How large are you, and what do you look like?" he demanded in a surly tone.

"Look for yourself," replied Stubby, shortly.

"I can't see. I'm blind."

"You lie! You've got your eyes wide open. I see 'em," said Stubby, sharply.

"I've never seen a thing in my life. I live in darkness all the time," said the boy, gravely. "I don't know how the sky looks, or the grass, or trees, or flowers. I've never had any dear dead mother. I only know my friends from each other by touching their faces with my hands."

He turned his full lustrous eyes on the other as he spoke, and there was a look in them of mournful vacant expression that made Stubby shiver, while his own face became white with pity.

"I wish you'd get up on the seat here beside me, and let me see how you look."

The blind lad made his plea so meekly that something welled in Stubby's heart. He put his foot on the step and sprang into the carriage. The boy placed the reins in his hands, and groped for his face with slender, sensitive fingers. The driver, lounging at a short distance, seeing a coarsely-clad boy, evidently the farmer's son, climb into the carriage and take the reins, felt relieved as to his charge, and strolled out of sight around the house. The blind boy let his fingers doubtfully over Stubby's square jaw and chin, touched the freckles on his nose and round cheeks, lingered around the eyes—frankly blue eyes—set beneath regular and shaggy brows, and touched his bristling light hair, concluding his examination with a smile of good-comradeship.

"You're a nice boy," he said, with decision. "And you make a jolly playfellow, though—"

Stubby tried to murmur a reply, but the words stuck in his throat.

"I never have anybody to play with me," said the blind boy. "It was awfully lonely here till you came. I don't see why my father couldn't let me go along with him. Have you ever been there?"

"Once," replied Stubby. He understood only too well why the governor would not take his afflicted child, with his sensitive hearing, into the neighborhood of brutal criminals, whose every other word was a curse.

"And have you ever seen a murderer?" asked the boy, turning his large eyes again upon his more experienced companion with the same vacant appeal.

"I expect so. There's a pile of 'em over there."

How would the innocent young fellow feel could he know that this new-found friend, had messed with murderers every day of his life for a year, and slept with one at night?

"How do they look?" inquired the boy, eagerly.

"They looks and acts just like other people. Some of 'em are a heap better 'an kinder."

Stubby was thinking of his own cellmate, a man who had killed another in a drunken frenzy, a man whose head had grown white within eighteen months, and who was only one in the world Stubby was really sure had ever cared for him. It was he who had planned the boy's escape, because he was sure there was good in him, and could not bear to see him grow up in the vile atmosphere of the prison.

"Give him half a chance, and he'll make a man worth lookin' at some day," he had often said to Stubby.

So much had he talked about the boy's capacity, if ever this blessed chance should be given him, that Stubby himself had been awakened into an interest in his own future, and together they had planned and waited for the opportunity that was to bring his release and set him on a new path. He thought of old Silas, now anxious and watchful, screening his disappearance with the utmost care, and he wondered how the the old man would feel if, after all, he were to be recaptured. A savage impulse took possession of him, and a wild purpose formed itself in his mind toward the farm-house. The driver was still out of sight. He looked at the sleek gray nuggets attached to the carriage. It was not likely that the farm stables held a pair that could overtake them on the open road. A thought, half terrible, half grotesque, came to him. He had got rid of all his troubles through running off with one pair of horses; it would be easy to get rid of these by running off with another pair.

"Do you like to ride?" he said to the blind boy.

"Better than anything else. You see, I can't run or play out-door boys. It's the only way I can go fast—fast like a bird through the air."

"You want me to give you a tearin' big ride—the biggest ride you ever had?"

"Can you drive? But Julius wouldn't like it. He'd make a dreadful fuss," objected the lad.

"Who cares for Julius? I'm a daisy driver. I'm the boy that can drive 'em just go a-kitin', you bet!"

Stubby sprang out of the carriage, unfastened the steel chain that held the leader, and sat down on the seat in the driver's instant.

Before them was an open gate and a level road stretching far away to the south. The region was sparsely settled. By avoiding villages and following the open country they would soon reach the lightly traveled road that ran along the coast.

At the touch of the whip the strong gray horses gave a bound and dashed through the gateway and down the road. The blind boy caught at his companion's arm in fear.

"Oh, stop, please stop!" he said. "My father will be angry. I don't want to go off this way."

"You quit! Let go o' me!" said Stubby. "You shut up, or you want the horses to kill me an' you both."

The boy sat still, mournful and frightened. Stubby no longer cared for him or his helplessness. All his thought was of himself and the manner in which he would now escape his pursuers. He seemed to hear cries down the road at his back, and wanted to shout a mad defiance. All the world was down on him, but he would yet outwit it. By-and-by, when he was away out of sight and hearing up on the bluffs, he would jump from the carriage and run for a hiding-place. But rather than be taken, he would drive the team over the cliffs into the sea. In his own extremity he did not think of what the shock of such an experience might produce upon the innocent boy by his side, or the risks to which he was exposing him. He had no scruples about the splendid animals that, with flying mane and foaming mouths, were bearing him on to freedom. He was a little warrior with an ignoble cause hewing his way to liberty.

They were nearing a depot on the North Coast railway, an isolated station on a barren piece of land. People were standing on the platform, laden with bundles and wraps. He must get quickly by, or someone might stop them and try to stay them.

There was a puff of white smoke around the curve of the road. Stubby saw it, and knew that a train, in search of the track in advance of the train. The grays saw it, and gave one mad plunge ahead, then stopped and reared at the scream of the whistle. The blind boy heard the rumble of the wheels and the engine's hoarse warning, and gave a piercing cry.

"The train is coming. We shall be run over. Oh, father!"

There was on the edge of the track, the horses still rearing and plunging and refusing to go on, when the train dashed on as it approached the station, was still coming at a terrific speed less than fifty yards away. Stubby saw his chance. The bank above the road was soft and weedy. He could climb like a cat, and they would be slow to miss or search for him in the excitement. But the blind boy had a hold on his arm; his plaintive cry was in his ear. He dropped the reins, and, regardless of him, mangled and bleeding, under the carwheels. Then he set his teeth together with a man's purpose. He thrust the lines into the boy's hands.

"Hold them tight. Pull hard. Don't let up for an instant," he said.

Then, before watching saw him leap over the dashboard and step out on the leader. His swing by one hand was on the bridle of the leader, throwing himself directly in front of the maddened animals, while the great iron monster, puffing and screaming, thundered down the track.

Driven by despair and his cry, he was lying on the depot platform. There was a moment's dumb reeling in his head, and both arms seemed to be pinned to his side. He could see his big gray horses rearing and fretting, but unharmed, standing near, with a small, nerveless hand still on the carriage, and a man's strong hand on his forehead.

"Is it awake yet, father?" asked the blind boy.

The tall man in black looked very grave as he replied. Stubby knew the face; he had caught a glimpse of it at the prison that morning, and knew him for the chief executive of the state. He addressed Stubby, saying with a gentleness and courtesy that were new to the little outcast.

"Who are you, and what is your name, my boy?"

A man in the crowd, one of the prison officials, answered for him.

(Continued on page fifteen.)

"You have had your chance and you took it nobly."

plans for the future were vague and irresponsible as theirs. A few miles more and he would be safely intrenched in the chaparral of the foot-hills, where he could snap his fingers at his pursuers, and wander at will through the beautiful wooded canons, or stand down to hidden coves where the sea laved stretches of solitary beach flanked by high bluffs.

Stubby knew how to shift for himself. A dead father, a drunken mother—these were the sum of the advantage nature had bestowed upon him. Dwelling on the mud flats that skirt San Leandro Creek, on the Oakland side of San Francisco Bay, he had learned to dig clams and hunt mussels, and to cast a line with the cunning of an old angler, and in the gardens at San Quentin she had taught him set cunningly devised traps for gophers and squirrels—traps that, baited on a larger scale, might do for mountain-lions, or even grizzlies. Large ambitions and unbridled expectations were in the head of this embryo hermit and trapper.

"Hello!" cried a voice, over the top of the tall mustard.

Stubby had run, unawares, full upon a low outlying farmhouse that he had often seen from the upper windows of the prison. It was a boy's voice that hailed him; he could only see the outlines of a carriage and a pair of gray horses standing in the door-yard.

"Hello, I say!" cried the voice, this time impatiently.

Stubby was quick to think and act in a matter that so vitally concerned his own welfare. He should disguard the cold suspicion, might be aroused, an account of the nearness of the prison, and a hue and cry be raised, which would be sure to result in his capture. But if he acted as any other boy would under such circumstances, little attention would be paid to him, and he might go his way undisturbed.

He left the tall weeds and walked boldly up to the carriage. The horses were chained to a post, but a boy sat on the front seat, holding the lines—a pale, delicate boy, with large brown eyes that looked straight before him with a melancholy expression.

"Who are you?" asked the boy, looking off over Stubby's head.

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"I'm nothing in particular," returned the boy, sadly. "We drove up from San Rafael this morning. My father left me here with the driver. He had to go over to San Quentin."

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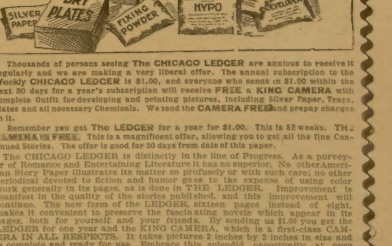

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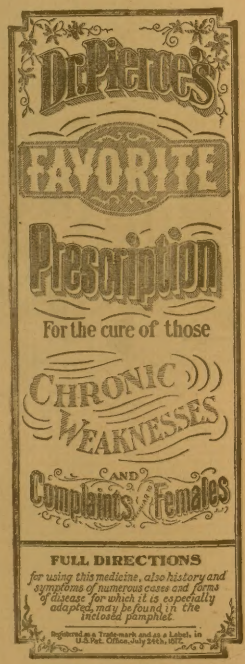
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THE HAUNTED ISLAND.

(Continued from page seven.)

accomplished, and my nerves had completely recovered their balance.

On the day of my departure the farmer started early in his big boat with my belongings to row to the point, twelve miles distant, where a little steamer ran twice a week for the accommodation of hunters. Late in the afternoon I went off in another direction in my canoe, wishing to see the island once again where I had been the victim of so strange an experience.

In due course I arrived there, and made a tour of the island. I also made a search of the little house, and it was not without a curious sensation in my heart that I entered the upstairs bedroom. There seemed nothing unusual.

Just after I re-embarked, I saw a canoe gliding ahead of me around the curve of the island. A canoe was an unusual sight at this time of the year, and this one seemed to have sprung from nowhere. Altering my course a little, I watched it disappear around the next projecting point of rock. It had high curving bows, and there were two Indians in it. I lingered with some excitement, to see if it would appear again round the other side of the island; again round the other side of the island; and in less than five minutes it came into view. There were less than two hundred yards between us, and the Indians, sitting on their haunches, were paddling swiftly in my direction.

I never paddled faster in my life than I did in those next few minutes. When I turned to look again, the Indians had altered their course, and were again encircling the island.

The sun was sinking behind the forests on the mainland, and the crimson-colored clouds of sunset were reflected in the waters of the lake, when I looked round for the last time and saw the big bark canoe and its two dusky occupants still going round the island. Then the shadows deepened, a light breeze sprang up, and the night wind blew its first breath in my face as I turned a corner, and a projecting bluff of rock hid from my view both island and canoe.

The suspicion is rapidly gaining ground that the Hon. Mr. Aguinaldo is carrying the joke a little too far.

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THE NEW YORK CENTRAL.

A Few Reasons Why Its Position Is Unique Among Railroads.

(From the New York Commercial, Jan. 11, 1899.)

By universal consent the New York Central is known the world over as "America's Greatest Railroad." Fully up to the requirements of modern railway service, it is no wonder that the great railroad system is the favorite route for round the world travel, the favorite transcontinental route, the favorite route to all the great cities of the West, and the favorite route to the important cities and pleasure resorts of the Empire State and New England.

The New York Central is unique among the railways of America. Its geographical position is its strongest point, but in other respects its appointments are first-class, and have been the most potent factor in the development of transportation methods of to-day. It has established a standard which many railroads have sought to reach, and numerous improvements which have become a model for other railways.

The marvelous success of the "Empire State Express"—the fastest long distance train in the world—and the many other meritorious appointments of the "Lake Shore Limited" and "Fast Mail" trains, between the railway travel—are notable achievements of the present management. The Fast Mail trains of the New York Central between New York and Chicago were directly responsible for the increased speed of mail trains all over the United States, and in response to the demand for more frequent service and greater speed, the New York Central inaugurated in the winter of 1893 a second Fast Mail Train between New York and Chicago, and the present fast mail service of mail between the Eastern cities and the Pacific coast twenty-four hours, and a half, and to Denver in forty-four hours, points like St. Paul, Minneapolis, Omaha, Kansas City and Denver in even less time. The high rate of speed established for the movement of the passenger trains has made necessary a corresponding increase of speed on other railways.

Another innovation in the safety of operating trains was established by the construction and equipment of block signals in its main line, at an expense of over a million dollars, of an absolute block and interlocking system, which, in the language of an Engineer Expert, is "The most perfect block signal system in the world."

It has exerted an influence upon the State of New York, to the extent of a law passed that is simply inculculable. The extraordinary facilities and the high degree of speed established and maintained by the New York Central have greatly accelerated the movement of passengers all over the civilized world that the consequent and inevitable rapid development of industrial and commercial enterprises and the quick and almost phenomenal interchange of persons and commodities has accomplished a condition of progress and prosperity to which to the entire country is almost beyond comprehension.

The demand for fast train service created by the New York Central has not only influenced and increased the speed of trains from end to end of this continent, but has wrought or been instrumental in the complete transformation of the character and speed of both the passenger and freight ocean transportation lines, as well as the railways of Great Britain and the Continent of Europe.

The Imperial Government of Germany recently sent a commission to the United States to study our railroads, and in their report, which is on file in the State Department at Washington, this language occurs: "Lack of speed, lack of comfort, and the cheap rates, are the charges brought against the German Empire's railways, as compared with those of the French and Swiss." The commissioners, who went over a large portion of the Union, classed the New York Central & Hudson River Railroad as one of the world's best railways, and observed the New York Central's "Exposition Flyer," between Buffalo and New York and covering 980 miles between New York and Chicago, "attains a speed of 60 miles an hour from Leipsic to Rome, 945 miles, in thirty-one hours, and cannot understand that may be made are the New York Central's "Empire State Express," from New York to Buffalo, 440 miles, in eight and one-quarter hours; Berlin to Vienna, 438 miles, in fifteen hours, and from New York to Chicago by the New York Central's Limited Train, 980 miles, in eighteen hours and forty minutes; Berlin to Paris, 546 miles, in thirty-four hours. They state that the lighting of cars is superb, while the lighting of the German trains is wretched. The German Empire is behind in the management of many of our methods.

The Grand Central Station, located in the center of the hotel, residence, club and theater district of the city, is conceded to be a marvel among the largest buildings in the world, and is in fact the largest in the world, and is perfectly adapted to railroad purposes. No railroad line on this continent has such its superior facilities for handling by reason of this central location. Its through car lines not only take up the great west heart of the commercial and financial center of the United States, but land us as well in the heart of all the important commercial and industrial centers of the country. Other great advantages not obtainable on rival lines are the number of beautiful cities and villages through which the trains pass, together with the diversified and picturesque character of the country. The scenery along this entire system is grand and impressive throughout the journey, but the scenery on the Hudson River is the finest and most picturesque river route in the world, and the scenery through the Mohawk Valley, the Genesee Valley and the fine farming region of Western New York is a grand panorama of nature flitting terminating at the powerful Falls of Niagara.

Included among the famous resorts directly reached by the New York Central are Saratoga, Lake George, Lake Champlain, the Adirondack Mountains, Richfield Springs, Niagara Falls, Thousand Islands, Berkshire Hills, the Catskill Mountains, numerous places along the Hudson River and through the Mohawk Valley, and hundreds of home resorts, all of which are supplied with a fast and luxurious service of passenger trains.

Going East from Chicago or the West take the Michigan Central or "Niagara Falls" trains, which connect with the New York Central at Buffalo. All Sleeping Cars are run through.

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STUBBY'S LAST CHANCE.

(Continued from thirteenth page.)

"It's only Stubby Sullivan, your honor. You'll find his name on our records, sir. He's serving a seven-year term for horse-stealing. Looks like he's been up to his old tricks again, sir."

"Do you mean to say that this child is a convict?"

The governor's voice shook. His eyes were blazing fire. Stubby interpreted the situation in a flash. It was the governor's child thing. The whole world was down on him, and he always had been. He tried to clinch his small fists; he looked anger and hatred at them all.

"You're all agin me. My last chance is gone," he screamed shrilly.

The governor stood beside the injured boy, so that his words might reach him and him alone.

"Stubby," he said, slowly and impressively, "your last chance is not gone. You look—it—nobby."

The anger died out of the boy's eyes as he met the governor's gentle look. He searched the faces of those about him. For the first time in his life he beheld kind looks and warm approval on every hand. The boundless love that transformed him with the looks of happiness that dawned upon his face reached the face and heart of the chief executive with unspoken longing.

"There are many more chances for you," continued the governor, and his dignified look, which all, including the warden and prison officer who had spoken so slightly of the boy, failed to challenge questioning.

"The boy who will meet his duty bravely in the face of temptation and danger is deserving of sympathy and aid, and I for one shall not withhold it. I only hope other convicts I may set free will do as well as this boy. We shall never again set foot within the prison."

Stubby shut his eyes very tight. He was not going to let all of those strange people see the tears that came and pain and hunger, and all the ill he had suffered, could never wring from him.

DID SHE DO RIGHT?

(Continued from page five.)

she love him well enough to sacrifice the happiness of her life for the promotion of his welfare?

Alice's reverie by the grate was suddenly broken—a quick step crunched through the snow on the piazza, the door opened, and a ringing voice exclaimed:

"Alice, darling, I have finished your birthday gift at last. It is a diamond and ruby bracelet by Snider, but this I have brought myself; I don't want you to open any box but yours more than all the world's beside."

Alice took the package and removed the wrappings. Well enough she knew what the present was. A picture—almost his first effort—and done for her!

A fine specimen indeed it was, a beautiful water color. A rich, rare bit of Dresden setting of leaves; a cluster of purple and golden grapes, and a wreath of shining holly. Underneath the flowers were the words:

The rose's crimson carmine
And the violet's blue are true,
And the purple of the pansies—
adorns thoughts of you.

"What do you think of it, Alice?"

Tremulous, eager, as Expectant was the tone, but the girl stood critically viewing the picture. At length, with a sarcastic smile, and in a cold, hard voice, she said:

"I think the sentiment is much finer than the art."

After all, was the statement so far from the truth? What heights of fame and sustenance may art or science reach which shall be as grand as the sentiment of a noble, loving heart?

But Alice's tone and look gave no such meaning to her words. The criticism was cruel and undeserved. It pierced the most sensitive spot in Howard's nature, and left a wound that would be long in healing.

"Thanks for your advice," he said. "I think your criticism might have been softened in the wrapping in which it came. I suppose Truth is mighty, and must prevail."

"Yes."

"Do you consider the sentiment of Charley Bidwell's poem make the art? Which have you most enjoyed on those evenings when you have allowed him to escort you to concerts in which he has figured conspicuously? Alice, I have not been blind of late, though I have never broached the subject before. I hoped, believed, that this friendship, flirtation, infatuation, whatever it is, would be but temporary. Tonight my worst fears have been confirmed. Alice, answer me, tell me—tell me something."

The girl did not raise her eyes to the white, drawn face of the man who, silently scanning the picture, she said: "I prefer conversation to letters. I like music and conversation; nevertheless, I shall answer your letter, and consider it, so far as I have observed, is noble, and his music is, in my judgment, above criticism. I decline to discuss him further."

"Burn the wretched pictures—let it crumble into ashes! Alice, Alice, my love," said Howard, with a half shudder.

He turned to the window, and Alice laid down the picture and took up the latest magazine. For fully two minutes Howard stood motionless, then slowly turning, he extended his hand and said:

"Alice, I wish you good night again."

There was a tremor of appeal in the words that made her utterance more a question than a statement. Would she dismiss him? Would she ask forgiveness for the cruel words he had said and would he then come again?

Alice's cheeks flushed a shade deeper and her eyes flashed. "Just as you like about it," she replied. "And hereafter, Howard, if you do not wish your letters to be criticisms, don't ask them to do so. Good-night."

"You decline to consider your true estimate of the work, Alice; but oh, I did not want it expressed in such merciless terms!"

The gate clicked, and Alice turned again to the grate. He was gone, she knew, forever. With her head resting on the sash, the snow that beat against the window, she took up the little picture and gazed musing at it. Then impulsively she seized a pencil with one hand while she held the bible, and drew a spray of cypress over the twining leaves and berries of the holly wreath. Passionately, fervently she wrote under it her last to the pictured blossoms. "Dear little symbolic flowers, she murmured, "do you know why I did it? Did I do right?"

She glanced at the picture in the very spot that Howard had chosen for it when he had first told her what one of her birthday gifts was to be, and then she turned the blushing beauties to the wall. "I can't see them now; perhaps I can some day. Howard, I'm stronger, I may be able to do so—but not tonight."

She turned and left the room. The snow still beat against the window; the clock ticked loudly; the fire burned low, but only embers had changed to somber ashes, just as the rose of hope, love and joy had that night, changed to the darkness of despair.

Did she do right?

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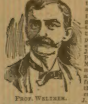

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THE PASSING SHOW.

The United States was for many years a market for foreign-made furniture, especially of the higher and more expensive grades. Mahogany tables, sideboards and cabinets and furniture of rosewood and ebony, particularly desks and tables, were familiar articles of supply, coming cheifly from England and France. In the cheaper lines of furniture the American market was supplied with American-made products, but the importations were considerable, and grew year by year until the enormous development of America's product of factory-made furniture completely transformed the situation.

By the last treasury report the total importations into the United States of cabinet ware and house furnishings collectively amounted to only $275,000, and the year previous it was about the same, while the total value of American-made furniture is now in excess of $100,000,000 a year. The three chief cities in furniture manufacture are New York, Chicago and Grand Rapids, and the business of the latter, which had by the last federal census thirty-one furniture factories and has still a greater number now, has been steadily increasing. There are in all the United States nearly 1,500 furniture factories, distributed throughout nearly all the states, but relatively few of them are in the southern states, from which some of the most desirable wood for furniture comes. An exception to this general rule is Georgia, in which Atlanta and Macon have furniture factories that turn out considerable work. The superiority of Michigan woods for furniture-making has secured the establishment of a number of factories in cities of that state besides Grand Rapids, Saginaw and Muskegon among them. The Pacific coast states are coming competitors in this field, too, Washington and California having wood of the desired quality and in almost inexhaustible quantities for furniture-making.

The smallest letter that ever went through the New York postoffice was sent last week. It is just the size of a 2-cent stamp—not the large ones, but the small style, about five-eights by three-quarters of an inch in size.

There was naturally no room on the front side of the envelope for the address, so it had to be written on the back.

It bears the address of Miss Bessie Myers, 325 Amsterdam avenue, and was written by S. D. Lewis of 12 West One Hundred and Third street.

When the envelope is opened the little letter that drops out is just one-half an inch wide by eleven-sixteenths of an inch long. It has four pages and is neatly written and perfectly legible without a microscope.

It contains just 134 words.

The letter was so small that it looked just like a postage stamp in the letter drop at the Eighty-fourth street and Columbus avenue branch postoffice. When it was discovered to be a genuine letter the canceler put it through his machine with great care. He handed it to a carrier, who took especial pains to see that it got to its address safely.

The report of the platform which has been adopted by "the Republican party of Porto Rico" follows close upon the return of Dr. H. K. Carroll, President McKinley's special commissioner to the island, and receives its best interpretation from what he has to say of the people.

Dr. Carroll traveled among the Porto Ricans for three months, and was most favorably impressed by them. He thinks that they are honest and sincere in their protestations of loyalty to this country, and says that they are "too bright, too ambitious and too anxious to become Americans to be put under a colonial form of government." He found them eager to learn everything about our political methods and administrative procedure, open to new ideas and anxious to adapt themselves to the changed regime.

The monthly statement of government receipts and expenditures for March is the most encouraging and gratifying one that has appeared in a long time. For the first time in many months the current ordinary receipts exceeded the current ordinary expenditures. The total receipts from all sources amounted to $57,030,224, and the total expenditures to $43,299,000, leaving a balance of $13,731,224. It is only fair to say, however, that the receipts from miscellaneous sources in the month were swelled by the sum of $12,000,000 on account of sale of Pacific railroad, so that the actual credit balance in favor of ordinary receipts amounted to $1,731,224—not a large sum, but one showing a healthy and encouraging state of the national finances.

The action of congress in increasing the appropriation for the free delivery of mail in rural districts from $150,000 to $300,000 a year and the reports to the department concerning the results of the experiments tried last year ought to operate as a strong stimulus to good roads legislation in the various states.

Governor Pingree has had his way in Detroit, as usual. Under his law the city council has consented to his street railway commission, of which he is the head, and now the first really serious attempt will be made in the United States to bring about municipal ownership. Of course the legal devices of the opposition are not yet exhausted, and the courts may still intervene, but there is at least a properly constituted purchasing authority, which will initiate its work under statutory sanction.

Information wanted of a young woman, blue-eyed, given to wearing May flowers in he hair and a costume unsuited to winter weather, although looked upon as sane. Will answer to the name of Gentle Spring. Supposed to have disappeared to avoid attention of various poets.

While Lieutenant Hobson is looking after the wrecks in the vicinity of Cavite it might be well for him to make an incidental investigation to determine the expediency of an effort to raise the Aguinaldo.

It is said that young Mr. Vanderbilt will start housekeeping with an income of $1,000 a day. This is enough to keep the wolves away, but it promises a long picnic for the jackals.

At last Ambassador Choate has begun his joke-making. He makes good jokes, too, for Englishmen laugh at them, being able to see the point without a diagram.

If Aguinaldo had deferred his insurrection until the twentieth century it is barely possible that science would have provided him with a flying machine.

One of Boston's most highly cultivated coachmen has died, leaving an estate worth more than fifty thousand dollars. That man knew his business.

Five killed and ten wounded is the result of the municipal election in Hot Springs. And yet that place poses as a health resort.

We will carry out our contract to give the Cubans freedom, but we want no stuffed pay rolls.

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